

THE NEVV INNE.

OR,

The light Heart.

A COMOEDY.

As it was neuer acted, but most
negligently play'd, by some,
the Kings Seruants.

And more squeamishly beheld, and censu-
red by others, the Kings Subiects.

1629.

Now, at last, set at liberty to the Readers, his Ma^{ties}
Seruants, and Subiects, to be iudg'd.

1631.

By the Author, B. Iohnson.

Hor. *me lectori credere mallem:*
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.

L O N D O N,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for Thomas Alchorne, and
are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard,
at the signe of the greene Dragon.

MDCXXXI.

THE NEW INN

OR
The Right Heart

A COMEDY

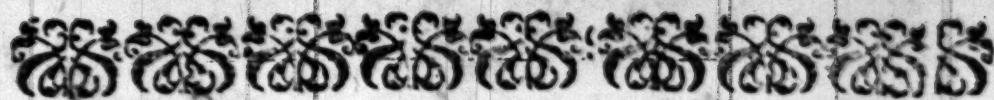
As it was never acted, but
negligently play'd by some
the Kings Servants;

And more shamefully
by others, the Kings
LIBRARY

Now at last, at liberty to the Readers, his
Servants, and Subjects, to be read.

By the Author, R. Jonson.

Printed by W. Stansfeld, for Thomas Widdowes
at the Signe of the White Dragon
in Old Bailey.



THE
DEDICATION,
TO
THE READER.



If thou bee such, I
make thee my Pa-
tron, and dedicate
the Piece to thee:
If not so much,
would I had beene at the charge of
thy better litterature. How-so-euer,
if thou canst but spell, and ioyne my
sense ; there is more hope of thee,
then of a hundred fastidious *imper-*
(*) 2 *tinents,*

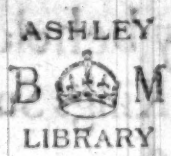
THE NEW INN

OR
The light Heart

A COMEDY

As it was never acted, but
negligently play'd by some
the Kings servants

And more foully than
by others, the Kings
servants



Now at last, as liberty to the Readers, his
servants, and subjects, to be bound

By the Author, R. B. 1631

Printed by W. B. 1631

Printed by W. B. 1631
at the sign of the Dragon
in the Strand



THE
DEDICATION,
TO
THE READER.



If thou bee such, I
make thee my Pa-
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If not so much,
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thy better litterature. How-so-euer,
if thou canst but spell, and ioyne my
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then of a hundred fastidious *imper-*
(*) 2 *tinents,*

tinents, who were there present the first day, yet neuer made piece of their prospect the right way. What did they come for, then? thou wilt aske me. I will as punctually answer: To see, and to bee seene. To make a generall muster of themselves in their clothes of credit: and possesse the Stage, against the Play. To dislike all, but marke nothing. And by their confidence of rising between the Actes, in oblique lines, make *affidavit* to the whole house, of their not vnderstanding one Scene. Arm'd, with this præiudice, as the *Stage-furniture*, or *Arras-clothes*, they were there, as Spectators,

tors, away. For the faces in the
hangings, and they beheld alike.
So I wish, they may doe euer. And
doe trust my selfe, and my Booke,
rather to thy rusticke candor, than
all the pompe of their pride, and so-
lemne ignorance, to boote. Fare
thee well, and fall too. Read

BEN. IONSON.

But, first

The Argument.

(*) 3
her loving wife, for depe a melancholy
by his leaving her in the time of her lying
in of her second daughter, shee being
brought



THE ARGUMENT.

HHe Lord *FRAMPVL*, a noble Gentleman, well educated, and bred a Schollar, in *Oxford*, was married yong, to a vertuous Gentlewoman, *Sylly's* daughter of the South, whose worth (though he truly enioy'd) hee neuer could rightly value; but, as many greene Husbands (giuen ouer to their extrauagant delights, and some peccant humors of their owne) occasion'd in his ouer louing wife, so deepe a melancholy, by his leauing her in the time of her lying in, of her second daughter, shee hauing brought

The Argument.

brought him only two daughters, *Frances*, and *Letitia*: and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to bee a cause of her husbands couldnesse in affection, her not being blest with a sonne, tooke a resolution with her selfe, after her *months* time, and thanksgiuing ritely in the *Church*, to quit her home, with a vow neuer to returne, till by reducing her *Lord*, she could bring a wish'd happinesse to the family.

He, in the meane time returning, and hearing of this departure of his *Lady*, began, though ouer-late, to resent the iniury he had done her: and out of his cock-braind resolution, entred into as solemne a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had beene heard of. But the eldest daughter *Frances*, by the title of *Lady Frampul*, enioyed the state, her sister being lost yong, and is the sole reliet of the family,

(*) 4

A&

The Argument.

A& I.

Here begins our Comœdy.

This *Lady*, being a braue, bountifull *Lady*, and enioying this free, and plentifull estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the Mistresse of many seruants, but loues none. And hearing of a famous new-Inne, that is kept by a merry *Host*, call'd *Good-stock*, in *Barnet*, inuites some *Lords*, and Gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry, with the accidents on the by. It happens, there is a melancholique *Gentleman*, one *Master Lovel*, hath beene lodg'd there some dayes before in the *Inne*, who (vnwilling to be seene) is surpriz'd by the *Lady*, and inuited by *Prudence*, the *Ladies* Chamber-maid, who is elected

The Argument.

electd *Gouvernesse* of the *Sports*, in the *Inne*, for that day, and instal'd their *Soueraigne Lovel* is perswaded by the *Host*, and yeelds to the *Ladies* invitation, which concludes the first *Act*. Having reueal'd his quality before, to the *Host*.

In the second Act.

Prudence, and her *Lady* expresse their anger conceiu'd, at the *Taylor*, who had promised to make *Prudence* a new suite, and bring it home, as on the *Eue*, against this day. But, hee failing of his word, the *Lady* had commanded a standard of her owne best apparrell to bee brought downe: and *Prudence* is so fitted. The *Lady* being put in mind, that shee is there alone without other company of women, borrowes (by the aduice of *Pru*) the *Hosts* sonne of the house, whom they dresse

The Argument.

dresse with the *Hosts* consent, like a *Lady*, and send out the *Coachman*, with the empty *Coach*; as for a kinswoman of her *Ladships*, *Mistresse Letitia Syll*, to beare her company: Who attended with his *Nurse*, an old chare-woman in the *Inne*, drest odly by the *Hosts* councell, is beleeued to be a *Lady* of quality, and so receiu'd, entertain'd, and loue made to her, by the yong *Lord Beaufort*, &c: In the meane time, the *Fly* of the *Inne* is discover'd to *Colonell Glorious*, with the *Militia* of the house, below the stayres, in the *Drawer*, *Tapster*, *Chamberlaine*, and *Hofler*, inferiour officers, with the *Coachman Trundle*, *Ferret*, &c. And, the preparation is made, to the *Ladies* designe vpon *Lovel*, his vpon her, and the *Soueraignes* vpon both.

Here

The Argument.

Here begins, at the third Act, the Epitasis, or businesse of the Play.

Lovel, by the dexterity, and wit of the *Soueraigne* of the Sports, *Prudence*; hauing two houres assigned him, of free colloquy, and loue-making to his *Mistresse*, one, after Dinner, the other after Supper; The *Court* being set, is demanded by the *Lady Frampul*, what *Loue* is? as doubting if there were any such power, or no. To whom, hee first by definition, and after by argument answeres, prouing, and describing the effects of *Loue*, so viuely, as she, who had derided the name of *Loue* before, hearing his discourse, is now so taken both with the Man, and his matter, as shee confesseth her selfe enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition shee hath to enioy the other houre, had presently
bationi declar'd

The Argument.

declar'd her selfe : which giues both him, and the *spectator's* occasion to thinke she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kisse, which hee celebrates. And the *Court* dissolues, vpon a newe brought, of a new *Lady*, a newe Coach, and a new Coachman call'd *Barnaby*.

Act 4.

The house being put into a noyse, with the rumor of this new *Lady*, and there being drinking below in the court, the *Colonel*, *Sir Glorious*, with *Bart Burst*, a broken Citizen, and *Hodge Huffle* his champion; she falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is vnciuilly entreated by them, and a quarrell commenc'd, but is rescued by the valour of *Lovel*; which beheld by the *Lady Frampul*, from the window, shee is inuited

The Argument:

inuitd vp, for safety, where comming,
and conducted by the *Host*, her gowne is
first discover'd to bee the same with the
whole suite, which was bespoken for
Pru: and she her selfe, vpon examinati-
on, found to be *Pinnacia* Stuffle, the *Tay-*
lors wife, who was wont to be preoccupi-
ed in all his Customers best clothes, by
the footman her husband. They are both
condem'd, and censur'd, shee stript like a
Doxey, and sent home a foote. In the
interim, the second houre goes on, and
the question, at sute of the *Lady Frampul*,
is chang'd from *loue* to *valour*; which en-
ded, he receiues his second kisse, and by
the rigor of the *Soueraigne*, fals into a fit
of melancholy, worse, or more despe-
rate then the first.

The fifth, and last *Act* is the *Cata-*
strophe, or knitting vp of all, where *Fly*
brings

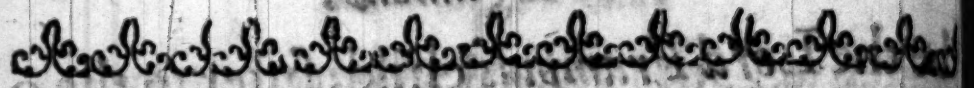
The Argument.

brings word to the *Host*, of the *Lord Beauforts* being married priuately in the new stable, to the supposed *Lady*, his sonne, which the *Host* receiues as an omen of mirth. But complains, that *Lovel* is gone to bed melancholique, when *Prudence* appears drest in the new suit applauded by her *Lady*, and employd to retriue *Lovel*. The *Host* encounters them, with this relation of *L. Beauforts* mariage, which is seconded by the *L. Latimer*, and all the seruants of the house. In this while, *L. Beaufort* comes in, and professes it, calls for his bed, and bride-bowle, to be made ready, the *Host* forbids both, shewes whom hee hath married, and discouers him to be his sonne, a boy. The *Lord Bridegrome* confounded, the *Nurse* enters like a frantick bed-lem, cries out on *Flie*, sayes shee is vndone, in her daughter, who is confessed to be

The Argument.

be the *Lord Frampulls* child, sister to the other Lady, the *Hoff* to be their Father. She his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on *Lowel*, the other on the *Lord Beaufort*, the *Inne* vpon *Flie*, who had beene a *Gipsy* with him, offers a portion with *Prudence*, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken, by the *Lord Latimer*, to wife; for the crowne of her vertue, and goodnesse. And all are contented.

The



The Scene BARNET.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

With some short Characterisme of the chiefe Actors.

Good-stocke, the Host (*playd well*) alias, the Lord Frampul. He pretends to be a Gentleman, and a Scholer, neglected by the times, turns Host, and keeps an Inne, the Signe of the light Heart, in Barnet: is supposed to haue onely Sonne, but is found to haue none, but two Daughters, Francis, and Lætitia, who was lost young. &c.

Loucl. A compleat Gentleman, a Souldier, and a Scholer, is a melancholy Guest in the Inne. first quarreld, after, much honor'd, and belou'd by the Host. He is knowne to haue beene Page, to the old Lo. Beaufort, follow'd him in the French warres, after a companion of his studies, and left Guardian to his sonne. Hee is assisted in his loue to the Lady Frampul, by the Host, and the Chambermayd, Prudence. He was one, that acted well too.

Ferret

1
Ferret. Who is also called Stote, and Vermin, is Lovels servant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knowes the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable, and timely discoveries of them.

Franke. Supposed a boy, and the Hosts sonne, borrowed to be drest for a Lady, and set up as a stale by Prudence, to catch Beaufort, or Latimer, prooves to be Lætitia, sister to Frances, and Lord Frampul's yonger daughter, stolne by a begger-woman, shorne, put into boyes apparrell, sold to the Host, and brought up by him as his sonne.

Nurse. A poore chare-woman in the Inne, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish begger that sold him, but is truly the Lady Frampul, who left her home melancholique, and iealous that her Lord lou'd her not, because she brought him none but daughters, and liues, unknowne to her husband, as he to her.

Frances. Supposed the Lady Frampul, being reputed his sole daughter, and heire, the Barony descending upon her, is a Lady of great fortunes, and beauty, but phantasticall: thinks nothing a felicity, but to haue a multitude of servants, and be call'd Mistresse by them, comes to the Inne to

A

be

be merry, with a Chambermaid only, and her Seruants her ghests, &c.

Prudence. *The Chamber-maid, is elected Soueraigne of the Sports in the Inne, gouernes all, commands, and so orders, as the Lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion.*

Lord Latimer

and Lord Beaufort, are a paire of yong Lords, seruants and ghests to the Lady Frampul, but as Latimer fall's enamour'd of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the Hosts sonne, set up for Lætitia, the yonger sister, which shee prooues to be indeed.

Sir Glorious Tipto. *A Knight, and Colonell, hath the luck to thinke well of himselfe, without a riual, talkes gloriously of any thing, but very seldom is in the right. He is the Ladies ghest, and her seruant too; but this day utterly neglects his seruice, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inne, and the Militia below stayres, with Hodge Huffle, and Bat; Burst, ghests that come in, and Trundle, Barnabe, &c. as no other society relieth with him.*

Fly

Fly. *'Is the Parasite of the Inne, visiter generall
of the house, one that had beene a strolling Gipsce,
but now is reclam'd, to be Inflamer of the reckonings.*

Peirce. *The Drawer, knighted by the Colonel,
stil'd Sir Pierce, and yong Anone, one of the chiefe
of the infantry.*

Jordan. *The Chamberlaine, Another of the Mi-
litia, & an officer, commands the Tertia of the Beds.*

Ing. *The Tapster, a Through-fare of Newes.*

Peck. *The Hostler.*

Bat: Burst. *A broken Citizen, an in and in man.*

Hodge Huffle. *A cheater, his champion.*

Nick Stuffle. *The Ladies Taylor.*

Pinnacia Stuffle. *His wife.*

Trundle. *A Coachman.*

Barnabe. *A hired Coachman.*

Staggers. *The Smith.*

Tree. *The Sadler.*

} *Only talk'd on.*

A z

The Prologue.

YOU are welcome, welcome all, to the new Inne;
Though the old house, we hope our cheare will win
Your acceptation: we ha' the same Cooke,
Still, and the fat, who sayes, you sha' not looke
Long, for your bill of fare, but euery dish
Be seru'd in, i' the time, and to your wish:
If any thing be set to a wrong taste,
'Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's displac'd,
Remoue but that sick palat, all is well.
For this, the secure dresser badd me tell,
Nothing more hurts inst meetings, then a croud;
Or, when the expectation's growne too loud:
That the nice stomack, would ha' this or that,
And being ask'd, or urg'd, it knowes not what:
When sharpe, or sweet, haue beene too much a feast,
And both out lin'd the palate of the ghest.
Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
They doe confesse a weake, sick, queasie age,
And a shrew'd grudging too of ignorance,
When clothes and faces' bene the men aduance:
Heare for your health, then, But at any hand,
Before you iudge, vouchsafe to understand.
Concoct, digest: if then, it doe not hit,
Some are in a consumption of wit,
Deepe, he dares say, he will not thinke, that all—
For Hecticks are not epidemicall.



THE NEVV INNE.

Act I. Scene I.

Host. Ferret.

I Am not pleas'd, indeed, you are i'the right;
Nor is my house pleas'd, if my signe could speake,
The signe o'the light Heart. There, you may read it;
So may your master too, if he looke on't.
A heart weigh'd with a sether, and out weigh'd too:
A brayne-child o'mine owne! and I am proud on't!
And if his worship thinke, here, to be melancholy,
In spight of me or my wit, he is deceiv'd;
I will maintayne the *Rebus* gainst all humors,
And all complexions i'the body of Man,
That's my word, or i'the Isle of Britaine! (rime too.
You haue reason good mine host. *Host.* Sir I haue
Whether

B

The new Inne.

Whether it be by chance or art,
A heavy purse makes a light Heart.
There 'tis exprest ! first, by a purse of gold,
A heavy purse, and then two *Turtles, makes,*
A heart with a light stuck in't, *a light heart !*
Old Abbot *Islap* could not inuent better,
Or Prior *Bolton* with his *bole* and *Ton*.
I am an Innekeeper, and know my grounds,
And study 'hem ; Brayne o'man, I study 'hem :
I must ha' iouiall guests to driue my ploughs,
And-whistling boyes to bring my haruest home,
Or I shall heare no Flayles thwack. Here, your mallet
And you ha' beene this fornight, drawing fleas
Out of my mattes, and pounding 'hem in cages
Cut out of cards, & thole rop'd round with pack-thred
Drawne thorow birdlime ! a fine subtilty !
Or poring through a multiplying glasse,
Vpon a captiu'd crab-louse, or a cheesc-mite
To be dissected, as the sports of nature,
With a neat Spanish needle ! Speculations
That doe become the age, I doe confesse !
As measuring an Ants egges, with the Silke-wormes,
By a phantallique instrument of thred,
Shall giue you their iust difference, to a haire !
Or else recovering o'dead flyes, with crums !
(Another queint conclusion i'the *physicks*)
Which I ha seene you busie at, through the key-hole—
But neuer had the fate to see a flye—— *Ent. Loue*
Aliue i' your cups, or once heard, drinke mine host,
Or such a chearfull chirping charme come from you.

The New Inn.

Act 1. Scene 2.

Lovet. Ferret. Host.

What's that? what's that? *Fer.* A buzzing of mine
About a flye! a murmure that he has. *(host)*

Host. Sir I am telling your Store here, Monsieur *Ferret*,
For that I heare's his name) and dare tell you, Sir,
If you haue a minde to be melancholy, and musty,
There's Footmans Inne, at the townes end, the flockes,
Or Carriers Place, at signe o'the broken Waine,
Mansions of State! Take vp your harbour there;
There are both flyes and fleas, and all variety
Of vermine, for inspection, or dissection.

Lov. We ha set our rest vp here, Sir, Pyour Heart.

Host. Sir set your heart at rest, you shall not doe it:
Vnlesse you can be iouiall. Brayne o'man,
Be iouiall first, and drinke, and dance, and drinke.
Your lodging here, and wi' your daily dumps,
Is a mere libell 'gain' my house and me; *(host)*
And, then, your scandalous commons. *Lov.* How mine

Host. Sir, they doe scandall me, vpo'the road, here
A poore quotidian rack o'mutton, roasted,
Drie, to be grated! and that driven downe
Vith beare, and butter-milke, mingled together,
Or clarified whey, instead of Claret!
It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,

The New Inne.

My *Magna charta*, *Cor letificat*,
To drinke such balder dash, or bonny-clabbee!
Gi' me good wine, or catholique, or christian,
Wine is the word, that glads the heart of man:
And mine's the house of wine, *Sack*, say's my bush,
Be merry, and drinke Sherry; that's my poësie!
For I shall neuer ioy i' my light heart,
So long as I conceiue a sullen ghest,
Or any thing that's earthy! *Lov.* Humerous Host.

Host. I care not if I be. *Lov.* But airy also,
Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench
Vpō your priuiledges, or great charter,
(For those are euery hostlers language now)
Say, you were borne beneath those smiling flares,
Haue made you Lord, and owner of the Heart,
Of the Light Heart in *Barnet*; suffer vs
Who are more *Saturnine*, t' enioy the shade
Of your round roose yet. *Host.* Sir I keepe no shades
Nor shelters, I: for either Owles or Rere-mise.

Act 1. Scene 3.

Ferret. Host. Lovel.

He'll make you a bird of night, Sir. *Host.* Blesse you
You'l make your selues such.

Lov. That your son mine host? *En. Fra.* (the Host speaks
to his child o' the by

Host. He's all the sonnes I haue Sir. *Lov.* Pretty boy!
Goes he to schoole? *Fer.* O Lord, Sir, he prates Latine

The New Inne.

and 'twere a parrat, or a play-boy. *Lov.* Thou—
commend'st him fitly. *Fer.* To the pitch, he flies, Sir,
I'll tell you what is Latine for a looking-glasse,
beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.

Lov. What's that? *Fer.* a wench, i' the Inn-phrased, is all these;

{ A looking-glasse in her eye,
A beard-brush with her lips,
A rubber with her hand,
And a warming pan with her hips.

Hof. This, in your scurrile dialect. But my Inne
knowes no such language. *F.* That's because, mine host,
you doe professe the teaching him your selfe.

Hof. Sir, I doe teach him somewhat. By degrees,
and with a funnell, I make shift to fill
the narrow vessell, he is but yet, a bottell. (not.

Lov. O let him lose no time, though. *Hof.* Sir, he do's

Lov. And lesse his manners. *Hof.* I provide for those,
come hither *Franke*, speake to the gentleman (too.

Latine: He is melancholy; say,
long to see him merry, and so would treat him.

Fra. *Subtristia visu' es esse aliqua: tulum patri,*
mitelant' excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit. *Lov.* *Pulchra.*

Hof. Tell him, I feare it bodes vs some ill luck,
is too reservednelle. *Fra.* *Veretur pater,*

quid nobis mali ominis apportet iste.
amis praelusum vultu. *Lov.* *Belle.* A fine child!

you wou'not part with him, mine host? *H.* Who told you
would not? *Lov.* I but aske you. *Hof.* And I answere.

to whom? for what? *Lov.* To me, to be my Page.

Hof. I know no mischief yet the child hath done.

The New Inne.

To deserue such a destiny. *Lev.* Why? *Ho.* Go down boy,
And get your break-fast. Trust me, I had rather
Take a faire halter, wash my hands, and hang him
My selfe, make a cleane riddance of him, then - *Lo.* What

Host. Then dam him to that desperate course of life.

Lev. Call you that desperate, which by a line
Of institution, from our Ancestors,
Hath beene deriu'd downe to vs, and receiu'd
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding vp our youth, in letters, armes,
Faire meine, discourses, ciuill exercise,
And all the blazon of a Gentleman?
Where can he learne to vault, to ride, to fence,
To moue his body gracefuller? to speake
His language purer? or to tune his minde,
Or manners, more to the harmony of Nature
Then, in these nourceries of nobility?

Host. I that was, when the nourceries selfe, was noble
And only vertue made it, not the mercate,
That titles were not vented at the drum,
Or common out-cry; goodnesse gaue the greatnesse,
And greatnesse worship: Euery house became
An Academy of honour, and those parts
We see departed, in the practise, now,
Quite from the institution. *Lev.* Why doe you say so?
Or thinke so enviously? doe they not still
Learne there, the *Centaures* skill, the art of *Thrace*,
To ride? or *Pollux* my stery, to fence?
The *Pyrrhick* gestures, both to dance, and spring
In armour, to be active for the Warres?

The New Inne.

To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yeeld 'hem great in counsels, and the artes
Graue *Nestor*, and the wise *Vlysses* practis'd ?
To make their English sweet vpon their tongue!
As thou'nd *Chaucer* sayes? *Host*. Sir you mislake,
To play Sir *Pandarus* my copy hath it,
And carry messages to Madam *Cresside*.
Instead of backing the braue Steed, o' mornings,
To mount the Chambermaid ; and for a leape
O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:
For exercise of armes, a bale of dice,
Or two or three packs of cards, to shew the cheat,
And nimblenesse of hand: mislake a cloake
From my Lords back, and pawne it. Ease his pockets
Of a superfluous Watch, or geld a iewell
Of an odde stone, or so. Twinge three or foure buttons
From off my Ladyes gowne. These are the artes,
Or seuen liberall deadly sciences
Of Pagery, or rather Paganisme,
As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,
He may, perhaps, take a degree at *Tiburne*,
A yeare the earlier: come to sead a lecture
Vpon *Aquinas* at *S. Thomas* a Waterings,
And so goe forth a Laureat in hempe circle! (singing,
Lev. You are tart, mine host, and talke about your sea-
Ore what you seeme: it should not come, me thinkes,
Vnder your cap, this veine of salt, and sharpnesse!
These strikings vpon learning, now and then?
How long haue you, (if your dul ghest may aske it,)
Droue this quick trade, of keeping the light-heart,

The New Inne.

Your Mansion, Palace here, or Hostelry.

Host. Troth, I was borne to somewhat, Sir, above it.

Lov. I easily suspect that: Mine host, your name.

Host. They call me Good-stock. *Lov.* Sir, and you con-
Both i' your language, treaty, and your bearing.

Host. Yet all, Sir, are not lonnes o' the white Hen;

Nor can we, as the *Songster* sayes, come all

To be wrapt soft and warme in fortunes smock:

When she is pleas'd to trick, or trompe mankind:

Some may be Cotes, as in the cards; but, then

Some must be knaues, some varlets, baudes, and offlers,

As aces, diuizes, cards o'ten, to face it

Out, i' the game, which all the world is. *Lov.* But,

It being i' your free will (as 'twas) to choose

What parts you would sustaine, me thinkes, a man

Of your sagacity, and cleare nostrill, should

Have made, another choise, then of a place

So sordid, as the keeping of an Inne:

Where euery *Iouial* Tinker, for his chinke,

May cry, mine host, to *crambe*, *giue us drinke*,

And doe not stinke, but *skinke*, or *else you stinke*.

Rogue, *Baud*, and *Cheater*, call you by the surnames,

And knowne *Synonyma* of your profession.

Host. But if I be no such; who then's the *Rogue*,

In vnderstanding, Sir, I meane? who erres?

Who tinkleth then? or personates *Thom*. Tinker?

Your weazill here may tell you / talke bawdy,

And teach my boy it; and you may belecue him:

But Sir at your owne peril, if I doe not:

And at his too, if he doe lie, and affirme it.

No

The New Inne.

No slander strikes, lesse hurts, the innocent;
If I be honest, and that all the chear
Be, of my selfe, in keeping this Light Heart,
VVhere, I imagine all the world's a Play;
The state, and mens affaires, all passages
Of life, to spring new scenes come in, goe out,
And shift, and vanish, and if I have got
A seat, to sit at ease here, i mine Inne,
To see the Comedy; and laugh, and chuck
At the variety, and throng of humors,
And dispositions, that come iustling in,
And out still, as they one droue hence another:
VVhy, will you enuy me my happinesse?
Because you are sad, and lumpish; carry a Load-stone
I your pocket, to hang kniues on; or setrings,
T'entice light strawes to leape at hem: are not taken
VVith the elacities of an host: 'Tis more,
And iustlier, Sir, my wonder, why you tooke
My house vp, Fiddlers Hall, the Seate of noyse,
And mirth, an Inne here, to be drouisic in,
And lodge your lethargie in the Light Heart,
As if some cloud from Court had beene your Harbinger,
Or Cheape-side debt Bookes, or some Mitrelle charge,
Seeing your loue grow corpulent, gi' it a dyer,
By absence some, such mouldy passion!

Lo. 'Tis guest'd vnhappy. Fe. Mine host, yo are cal'd.
H. I come, boyes. L. Ferret haue not you bin ploughing
VVith this mad Oxe, mine host? nor be with you?

Fer. For what Sir? Lev. VVhy, to finde my riddle out.

Fer. I hope, you doe belceue, Sir, I can finde

Other

The New Inn.

Other discourse to be at, then my Master
With Hostes, and Host'lers. *Los.* If you can, 'tis well.
Goe downe, and see, who they are come in, what ghests
And bring me word.

Act. i. Scene 4.

Level.

O loue, what passion art thou!
So tyrannous! and trecherous! first ren-flaue,
And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee!
That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,
Can more dissemble thee, then he can beare
Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome!
And lesse, conceale, or hide thee, then a flash
Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it
Open, to all disconery, euen of those,
Who haue but halfe an eye, and lesse of nose!
An Host, to find me! who is, commonly,
The log, a little o' this side the signe-post!
Or, at the best, some round growne thing! a lug,
Fac'd, with a beard, that fills out to the ghests,
And takes in, fro' the fragments o' their iestles?
But, I may wrong this, out of sullenness,
Or my mis-taking humor! Pray thee, phant'ie,

Be

The New Inne.

Be lay'd, againe. And, gentle-Melancholy,
Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent,
As the tame louer should be, and as foolish.

Act 1. Scene. 5.

Host. Ferret. Louel.

My Ghest, my Ghest, be Ioniall, I beseech thee.
I haue fresh golden ghests, ghests o'the game:
Three coach-full! Lords! and Ladies! new come in.
And I will cry them to thee, and thee, to them,
So I can spring a smile, but i this brow,
That like the rugged Roman Alderman,
Old master Grosse, surnam'd *Axilas*. *Ent. Ferret.*
Was neuer scene to laugh, but at an Ass.

Fer. Sir here's the Lady *Frampul*, *Lou.* How! *Fer.* And
Lord *Beaufort*, & Lord *Latimer*, the Coronel (her train,
Tipta, with Mistris *Cis*, the Chamber-mayd:

Trundle, the Coachman—*Lou.* Stop, discharge the
And get my horses ready, bid the Grooms (house:
Bring 'hem to the back-gate. *Hos.* What meane you Sir?

Lou. To take faire leaue, mine Host. *Hos.* I hope, my
Though I haue talked somewhat aboute my share, (Ghest,
At large, and bene i the altitudes, th'extrauagants,
Neither my selfe, nor any of mine haue gi'n you
The cause, to quit my house, thus, on the sodaine.

Lou. No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,

From

The New Inn.

Other discourse to be at, then my Master
With Hostes, and Host'lers. *Lon.* If you can, 'tis well.
Goe downe, and see, who they are come in, what ghests,
And bring me word.

Act. i. Scene 4.

Lon.

O loue, what passion art thou!
So tyrannous! and trecherous! first pen-flaue,
And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee!
That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,
Can more dissemble thee, then he can beare
Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome!
And lesse, conceale, or hide thee, then a flash
Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it
Open, to all discovery, euen of those,
Who haue but halfe an eye, and lesse of nose!
An Host, to find me! who is, commonly,
The log, a little o' this side the signe-post!
Or, at the best, some round growne thing! a lug,
Fac'd, with a beard, that fills out to the ghests,
And takes in, fro' the fragments o' their iestles?
But, I may wrong this, out of sillennes,
Or my mis-taking humor! Pray thee, phant sic,

Be

The New Inne.

Be lay'd, againe. And, gentle-Melancholy,
Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent,
As the tame louer should be, and as foolish.

Act 1. Scene. 5.

Host. Ferret. Louel.

My Ghest, my Ghest, be *loniall*, I beseech thee.
I haue fresh golden ghests, ghests o'the game:
Three coach-full! Lords! and Ladies! new come in.
And I will cry them to thee, and thee, to them,
So I can spring a smile, but i'this brow,
That like the rugged Roman Alderman,
Old master Grosse, surnam'd *Ayidas*.
Was neuer scene to laugh, but at an Ass.

Ent. Ferret.

Fer. Sir here's the Lady *Frampul*. *Lou.* How! *Fer.* And
Lord *Beaufort*, & Lord *Latimer*, the Coronel (her train,
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And get my horses ready, bid the Grooms (house:
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At large, and bene i'the altitudes, th'extrauagants,
Neither my selfe, nor any of mine haue gi'n you
The cause, to quit my house, thus, on the sodaine.

Lou. No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,

From

The New Inne.

From such a rudenes; I was now beginning
To tast, and loue you: and am heartily fory,
Any occasion should be so compelling,
To vrge my abrupt departure, thus. But—
Necessity's a Tyran, and commands it.

Hof. She shall command me first to fire my bush;
Then breake vp house: Or, if that will not serue,
To breake with all the world. Turne country bankrupt.
I' mine owne towne, vpo' the Mercat-day,
And be protested, for my butter, and egges,
To the last bodge of oates, and bottle of hay;
Ere you shall leaue me, I will breake my heart:
Coach, and Coach-horses, Lords, and Ladies pack?
All my fresh ghests shall stinke! I'le pul my signe, down
Conuert mine Inne, to an Almes-house! or a Spittle,
For lazars, or switch-sellers! Turne it, to
An Academy o' rogues! or gi't it away
For a free-schoole, to breed vp beggers in,
And send 'hem to the canting Vniuersities
Before you leaue me. *Lov.* Troth, and I confesse,
I am loath, mine host, to leaue you: your expressions
Both take, and hold me. But, in case I stay,
I must enioyne you and your whole family
To priuacy, and to conceale me. For,
The secret is, I would not willingly,
See, or be seene, to any of this ginge,
Especially, the Lady. *Hof.* Braine o'man,
What monster is she? or Cocatrice in veluet,
That kils thus? *Lov.* O good words, mine host. She is
A noble Lady! great in blood! and fortune!

Faire!

The New Inne.

Faire! and a wit! but of so bent a phant'sie,
As she thinks nought a happineffe, but to haue
A multitude of seruants! and, to get them,
(Though she be very honest) yet she venters
Vpon these precipices, that would make her
Not seeme so, to some prying, narrow natures.

We call her, Sir, the Lady *Frances Frampul*,
Daughter and heire to the Lord *Frampul*. *Hof.* Who?

He that did loue in Oxford, first, a student,
And, after, married with the daughter of — *Lo. Silly.*

Hof. Right, of whom the tale went, to turne Puppet-m.

Lov. And trauell with *Yong Goose*, the Motion-man.

Hof. And lie, and liue with the *Gipsies* halfe a yeare
Together, from his wife. *Lo.* The very same;
The mad Lord *Frampul*! And this same is his daughter!
But as cock-brain'd as ere the father was!

There were two of 'hem, *Frances* and *Letitie*;
But *Letice* was lost yong, and, as the rumor
Flew then, the mother vpon it lost her selfe.

A fond weake woman, went away in a melancholy,
Because she brought him none but girles, she thought
Her husband lou'd her not. And he, as foolish,
Too late resenting the cause giu'n, went after,
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

Hof. A strange diuision of a familie!

Lov. And scattered, as i the great confusion!

Hof. But yet the Lady, th'heire, enioyes the land.

Lov. And takes all lordly wayes how to consume it
As nobly as she can; if cloathes, and scuffling,
And the authoriz'd meanes of riot will doe it. *Ent. Fer.*

Hof.

The New Inn.

Host. She shewes her extract, and I honor her for it.

Act. 1. Scene. 6

Ferret. Lovel. Host. Cicelia.

Your horses Sir are ready ; and the house
Dis-*Lov.* Pleas'd, thou thinkst ? *Fer.* I cannot tel, dis-
I am sure it is. *Lov.* Charge it again, good *Ferret.* (charge
And make vnready the horses : Thou knowst how,
Chalke, and renew the rondels. I am, now
Resolvd to stay. *Fer.* I easily thought so, (To throw
When you should heare what's purpos'd. *L.* What? *Fer.*
The house out o'the window ? *Host.* Braine o'man,
I shall ha'the worst o'that ! will they not throw
My household stuffe out, first ? Cushions, and Carpets,
Chaires, stooles, & bedding? is not their sport my ruine?
Lov. Feare not, mine host, I am not o'the fellowship.
Fer. I cannot see, Sir, how you will auoid it ;
They know already all, you are in the house. (quir'd it
Lov. Who know? *F.* The Lords: they haue seene me, & on-
Lov. Why were you seene? *Fer.* Because indeed I had
No medicine, Sir, to goe inuisible :
No Ferne-seed in my pocket ; Nor an Opal
Wrapt in a Bay-leaf, in my left fist,
To charme their eyes with. *H.* He dos giue you reasons
As round as *Giges* ring : which, say the Ancients,
Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop!

Lov.

The New Inne.

Lev. You will haue your *Rebus* still, mine host. *Hof.* I must:

Fer. My Lady, too, lookt out o'the windo, & call'd me.
And see where Secretary *Prn.* comes from her, *Ent. Prn.*
Emplord vpon some Ambassy vnto you—

Hof. Ile meet her, if she come vpon employment;
Faيرة Lady, welcome, as your host can make you.

Prn. Forbeare, Sir, I am first to haue mine audience,
Before the complement. This gentleman
Is my addresse to. *Hof.* And it is in state.

Prn. My Lady, Sir, as glad o'the encounter
To finde a seruant here, and luch a seruant,
Whom she so values; with her best respects,
Desires to beremembred: and inuites
Your noblenesse, to be a part, to day,
Of the society, and mirth intended
By her, and the yong Lords, your fellow-seruants.
Who are alike ambitious of enioying
The faire request; and to that end haue sent
Me, their imperfect Orator, to obtaine it:
Which if I may, they haue elected me,
And crown'd me, with the title of a soueraigne
Of the dayes sports deuised i'the Inne,
So you be pleas'd to adde your suffrage to it.

Lev. So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistresse *Prudence?*
You cannot thinke me of that courle condition,
T'enuy you any thing. *Hof.* That's nobly say'd!
And like my ghest! *Lev.* I gratulate your honor;
And should, with cheare, lay hold on any handle,
That could aduance it. But for me to thinke,
I can be any rag, or particlc

O your

The New Inne.

O' your Ladyes care, more then to fill her list,
She being the Lady, that professeth still
To loue no soule, or body, but for endes;
Which are her sports: And is not nice to speake this,
But doth proclame it, in all companies:
Her Ladiship must pardon my weake counsels,
And weaker will, if it decline t'obay her.

Prn. O master *Louel* you must not giue credit
To all that Ladies publicly professe,
Or talke, o'th vollee, vnto their seruants:
Their tongues and thoughts, oft times lie far asunder.
Yet, when they please, they haue their cabinet-counsell
And referd thoughts, and can retire themselves
As well as others. *Hof.* I, the subtilest of vs!
Al that is borne within a Ladies lips—

Prn. Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host.
Hof. Or kille, or drinke afore me. *Prn.* Stay, excuse me
Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her Ladyships
Slighting, or disesteeme, Sir, of your seruice,
Hath formerly begot any distaste,
Which I not know of: here, I vow vnto you,
Vpon a Chambermaids simplicity,
Reseruing, still, the honour of my Lady,
I will be bold to hold the glasse vp to her,
To shew her Ladyship where she hath err'd,
And how to tender satisfaction:
So you vouchsafe to proue, but the dayes venter.

Ha. What say you, Sir? where are you? are you within?

Lov. Yes: I will waite vpon her, and the company.

Hof. It is enough, *Queene Prudence*, I will bring him—
And

The new Inne.

And, o' this kisse. I long'd to kisse a Queene!

Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in loue!
There are no studies, no delights, no businesse,
No enterburse, or trade of sense, or soule,
But what is loue! I was the laziest creature,
The most vnprofitable signe of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the Dormouse, till I was in loue!
And, now, I can out-wake the Nightingale,
Out-watch an vsurer, and out-walke him too,
Stalke like a ghost, that haunted bout a treasure,
And all that phant'sid treasure, it is loue!

Host. But is your name *Loue-ill*, Sir, or *Loue-well*?
I would know that. *Lov.* I doe not know't my selfe,
Whether it is. But it is Loue hath beene
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guesse, my friend;
The truth is, I haue lou'd this Lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no successe: for I haue still forborne
To expresse it, in my person, to her. *Host.* How then?
Lov. I ha' sent her toys, verses, and *Anagram's*,
Trials o' wit, mere trifles she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guesse.

Host. This was a pretty ridling way of wooing.

Lov. I oft haue bene, too, in her company;
And look'd vpon her, a whole day; admir'd her;
Lou'd her, and did not tell her so; lou'd still,
Look'd still, and lou'd: and lou'd, and look'd, and sigh'd;
But, as a man neglected, I came off,

The New Inne.

And vnregarded—*Host*. Could you blame her, Sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?

Lov. O but I lou'd the more; and she might read it
Best, in my silence, had she bin—*Host*. As melancholique
As you are. 'Pray you, why would you stand mute, Sir?

Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.

Did you euer know, or heare, of the Lord *Beaufort*,
Who seru'd so brauely in *France*? I was his page,
And, ere he dy'd, his friend! I follow'd him;
First, i' the warres; and i' the times of peace,
I waited on his studies: which were right.

He had no *Artburs*, nor no *Rosicler's*,
No *Knights of the Sunne*, nor *Amadis de Gaules*,
Primalions, and *Pantagruel's*, publique Nothings;
Abortiues of the fabulous, darke cloyster,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:

But great *Achilles*, *Agamemnons* acts,
Sage *Nesters* counsels, and *Ulysses* slights,
Tydides fortitude, as *Homer* wrought them

In his immortall phant'sie, for examples
Of the Heroick vertue. Or, as *Virgil*,

That master of the *Epick* poeme, limn'd
Pious *Aeneas*, his religious Prince,

Bearing his aged Parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of *Troy*, with his yong sonne.

And these he brought to practise, and to vse.

He gaue me first my breeding, I acknowledge,

Then shew'd his bounties on me, like the *Howres*,

That open-handed sit vpon the Clouds,

And presse the liberality of heauen

Downe

The new Inne.

Downe to the laps of thankfull men ! But then !
The trust committed to me, at his death,
Was about all ! and left so strong a tie
On all my powers ! as time shall not dissolue !
Till it dissolue it selfe, and bury all !
The care of his braue heire, and only sonne !
Who being a vertuous, sweet, yong, hopefull Lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this Lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As, out of humor, will returne no loue ;
And therefore might indifferently be made
The courting-stock, for all to praetise on,
As she doth praetise on all vs, to scorne :
Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
And debt profess'd, I ha' made a selfe-decree,
Nere to expresse my person ; though my passion
Burne me to cinders. *Host.* Then yo'are not so subtle,
Or halfe so read in loue-craft, as I tooke you.
Come, come, you are no Phoenix, an' you were,
I should expect no miracle from your ashes.
Take some aduice. Be still that rag of loue,
You are. Burne on till you turne tinder.
This Chambermaid may hap to proue the Steele,
To strike a sparkle out o'the flint, your mistresse
May beget bonfires yet, you doe not know,
What light may be forc'd out, and from what darknes.
Lov. Nay, I am so resolu'd, as still I le loue
Tho' not confesse it. *Host.* That's, Sir, as it chanches :
Wee'll throw the dice for it : Cheare vp. *Lov.* I doe

The New Inn.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Lady. Prudence.

Come wench, this sute will serue : dispatch, make ready,
It was a great deale with the biggest for me;
Which made me leaue it off after once wearing.
How do's it fit? wilt come together? *Prn.* hardly.

Lad. Thou must make shift with it. Pride fees no pain
Girt thee hard, *Prn.* Pox o' this errand Taylour,
He angers me beyond all marke of patience.

These base *Mechanicks* neuer keepe their word,
In any thing they promise. *Prn.* 'Tis their trade, madam,
To sweare and breake, they all grow rich by breaking
More then their words; their honesties, and credits,
Are still the first commodity they put off. *(often)*

Lad. And worst, it seemes, which makes 'hem do't so
If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd,
But, with the company, the body politique—

Prn. Frustrate our whole designe, hauing that time,
And the materials in so long before?

Lad. And he to faile in all, and disappoint vs?
The rogue deserues a torture—*Prn.* To be crop'd
With his owne Scizzers. *Lad.* Let's deuise him one.

Prn. And ha' the stumps fear'd vp with his owne scissers
(ring candle)

Lad. Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow?
He ha' the Leasse of his house cut out in measures,

Prn.

The New Inne.

Prn. And he be strangl'd with 'hem? **Lad.** No, no life
I would ha' touch't, but stretch'd on his owne yard
He shold be alittle, ha' the *strappado*? **Prn.** Or an ell of taf-
Drawne thorow his guts, by way of glister, & fir'd (fata
With *aqua vite*? **Lad.** Burning i'the hand
With the pressing iron cannot saue him. **Prn.** Yes,
Now I haue got this on: I doe forgive him, (cruell,
What robes he should ha' brought. **Lad.** Thou art not
Although streight-lac'd, I see, **Prn.** **Prn.** This is well.

Lad. 'Tis rich enough! But 'tis not what I meant thee!
I would ha' had thee brauer then my selfe,
And brighter farre. 'Twill fit the *Players* yet,
When thou hast done with it, and yeeld thee somewhat.

Prn. That were illiberall, madam, and mere lordid
In me, to let a sute of yours come there.

Lad. Tut, all are *Players*, and but serue the *Scene*. **Prn.**
Dispatch; I feare thou dost not like the prouince,
Thou art so long a fitting thy selfe for it.

Here is a Scarfe, to make thee a knot finer.

Pr. You send me a feasting, madame. **Ld.** Weare it wench.

Prn. Yes, but, with leaue o' your Ladiship, I would tel you
This can but beare the face of an odde iourney.

Lad. Why **Prn.**? **Prn.** A Lady of your ranke and quality,
To come to a publique Inne, so many men,
Yong Lords, and others, i' your company!

And not a woman but my selfe, a Chamber-maid!

Lad. Thou doubt'st to be ouer-layd **Prn.**? Feare it not,
I le beare my part, and share with thee, i' the venter.

Prn. O but the censure, madame, is the maine,
What will they say of you? or iudge of me?

The New Inne.

To be translated thus, 'boue all the bound
Of fitnesse, or *decorum*? *Lad.* How, now! *Prn.*
Turn'd foole vpo'the suddaine, and talke idly
I'thy best cloathes! shoot bolts, and sentences
T'affright babies with? as if I liu'd
To any other *scale* then what's my owne?
Or sought my selfe, without my selfe, from home?

Prn. Your Ladyship will pardon me, my fault,
If I haue over-shot, I'll shoote no more.

Lad. Yes shoot againe, good *Prn.* Ile ha' thee shoot
And aime, and hit: I know 'tis loue in thee,
And so I doe interpret it. *Prn.* Then madame,
I'll craue a farther leaue. *Lad.* Be it to licence,
It sha' not want an eare, *Prn.* Say, what is it?

Prn. A toy I haue, to raise a little mirth,
To the designe in hand. *Lad.* Out with it *Prn.*
If it but chime of mirth. *Prn.* Mine host has, madame,
A pretty boy i'the house, a deinty child,
His sonne, and is o'your Ladiships name too, *Francis*
Whom if your Ladiship would borrow of him,
And giue me leaue to dresse him, as I would,
Should make the finest Lady, and kins-woman,
To keepe you company, and deceiue my Lords,
Vpo'the matter, with a fountaine o'sport.

Lad. I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth
That it may breed, but is he bold enough,
The child? and well assur'd? *Prn.* As I am, madame,
Haue him in no suspicion, more then me:
Here comes mine host: will you but please to aske him
Or let me make the motion? *Lad.* Which thou wilt, *Prn.*

The New Jnne.

Act 2. Scene 2.

Host. Lady. Prudence. Franke.

Your Ladiship, and all your traine are welcome.

Lad. I thank my hearty host. *Host.* so is your souerainy,
Madame, I wish you ioy o' your new gowne.

Lad. It should ha' bin, my host, but *Stuffe*, our Taylor
Has broke with vs, you shall be o' the counsell.

Prn. He will deserue it, madame, my Lady has heard
You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'ld see him.

Lad. I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him, host.

Host. Your Ladiship shall presently,
Bid *Franke* come hither, anone, vnto my Lady.

It is a bashfull child, homely brought vp,

In a rude hoshelry. But the light Heart

Is his fathers, and it may be his.

Here he comes. *Franke* salute my Lady. *Fra.* I doe.

What, madame, I am desin'd to doe, by my birth right,

As heire of the light Heart, bid you most welcome.

Lad. And I belecue your most my prettie boy,

Being so emphased, by you. *Fra.* Your Ladiship,

If you belecue it such, are sure to make it. (madame)

Lad. Prettily answer'd! Is your name *Francis*? *Fra.* Yes

Lad. I loue mine own the better. *Fra.* If I knew yours,

I should make haste to doe so too, good madame. (eth)

Lad. It is the same with yours. *F.* Mine then acknowledg-

The New Inne.

The lustre it receiues, by being nam'd, after. (silence.

Lad. You will win vpon me in complement, *Fra.* By

Lad. A modest, and a faire well-spoken-child.

Hos. Her Ladiship, shall haue him, soueraigne *Pro.*
Or what I haue beside: diuide my heart,

Betweene you and your Lady. Make your vse of it:

My house is yours, my sonne is yours. Behold,

I tender him to your seruice; *Franks*, become

What these braue Ladies would ha' you. Only this,

There is a chare-woman i'the house, his nurse,

An Irish woman, I tooke in, a beggar,

That waits vpon him; a poore silly soole,

But an impertinent, and ledulous one,

As euer was: will vex you on all occasions,

Neuer be off, or from you, but in her sleepe,

Or drinke which makes it. She doth loue him so,

Or rather doate on him. Now, for her, a shape,

As we may dresse her (and I'll helpe) to fit her,

With a tuft-taffats cloake, an old *French* hood,

And other pieces, *heterogene* enough.

Pro. We ha' brought a standerd of apparrell, downe

Because this Taylor sayld vs i'the maine.

Hos. She shall aduance the game. *Pro.* About it then.

And send but *Trundle*, hither, the coachman, to me:

Hos. I shall: But *Pro.* let *Lowell* ha' faire quarter. (some)

Pro. The best, *Lad.* Our Host (me thinks) is very game

Pro. How like you the boy? *Lad.* A miracle! *Pro.* Good

But take him in, and fort a lute for him, (Madame)

He giue our *Trundle* his instructions,

And wayt vpon your Ladiship, i'the instant.

Lad.

The New Inne.

Lad. But *Prn*, what shall we call him, when we ha'drest
Pr. My Lady-*No-body*, Any thing what you wil. (him?)

Lad. Call him *Letitia*, by my sisters name,
And so t'will minde our mirth too, we haue in hand.

Act 2. Scene. 3.

Prudence, *Trundle*.

Good *Trundle*, you must straight make ready the
And lead the horses out but halfe a mile, (Coach,
Into the fields, whether you will, and then
Drive in againe, with the Coach-leaues put downe,
At the backe gate, and so to the backe stayres,
As if you brought in some body, to my Lady.
A Kinswoman, that she sent for, Make that answer
If you be askd; and giue it out i'the house, so.

Trn. What trick is this, good *Mistresse Secretary*;
You'l d put vpon vs? *Trn*. Vs? Do you speake plurall?
Trn. Me and my Mares are vs. *Prn*. If you so ioyne
Elegant *Trundle*, you may vse your figures. (them.
I can but yrge, it is my Ladies seruice.

Trn. Good *Mistresse Prudence*, you can yrge inough,
I know you're Secretary to my Lady,
And *Mistresse Steward*. *Prn*. You'l still be *trundling*,
And ha' your wages stop't, now at the *Audite*.

Trn. Tis true, you're Gentlewoman o'the horse too.
Or what you will beside, *Prn*, I do thinke it:

The New Inne.

My best to' obey you. *Pro.* And I thinke so too, *Trundle.*

Act. 2. Scene. 4.

Beaufort. Latimer. Host.

Why here's retorne inough of both our venters,
If we doc make no more discouery. *Lat.* what?

Then o' this Parasite? *Bea.* O he's a deinty one.

The Parasite o' the house. *Lat.* here comes mine host.

Host. My Lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.

Bea. To the light heart we hope. *Lat.* And mery I sweare
We neter yet felt such a fit of laughter,

As your glad heart hath offerd vs, sin' we entred. *(Fly)*

Bea. How came you by this propercie? *Host.* who? my

Bea. Your Fly if you call him so. *Host.* nay, he is that.

And will be still. *Bea.* In euery dish and pot?

Host. In euery Cup, and company, my Lords,
A Creature of all liquors, all complexions,

Be the drinke what it will, hee'l haue his sip.

Lat. He's fitted with a name. *Host.* And he loyes in't.

I had him when I came to take the Inne, here,

Assign'd me ouer, in the Inuentory,

As an old implement, a peice of household-stuffe,

And so he doth remaine. *Bea.* Iust such a thing, *(Lesse)*

We thought him, *Lat.* Is he a scholler? *Host.* Nothing

But colours for it, as you see: wear's black,

And speaks a little taynted, fly-blowne *Lat.*

After

The New Inne.

After the Schoole. *Bea.* Of *Stratford* o' the Bow.
For *Lillies Latine*, is to him vnkown.

Lat. What calling has' he? *Hof.* Only to call in, still.
Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,
Bring vp the shot i' the reare, as his owne word is,

Bea. And do's it in the discipline of the house?
As Corporall o' the field, *Maestro del Campo*,

Hof. And visiter generall, of all the roome,
He has' form'd a fine *militia* for the Inne too.

Bea. And meanes to publish it? *Hof.* With all histitles.
Some call him Deacon *Fly*, some Doctor *Fly*.
Some Captaine, some Lieutenant, But my folkes
Doe call him Quarter-master, *Fly*, which he is.

Act. 2. Scene. 5.

Tipso. Hof. Fly. L. Bea. L. Lat.

Come Quarter-master *Fly*. *Hof.* Here's one, already,
Hath got his Titles. *Tip.* Doctor! *Fly.* Noble Colonel!
No Doctor, yet. A poore professor of ceremony,
Here i' the Inne, retainer to the host,
I discipline the house. *Tip.* Thou read'st a lecture.
Vnto the family here, when is the day? (a Doctor,
Fl. This is the day. *Tip.* I'le heare thee, and I'le ha'thee
Thou shalt be one, thou hast a Doctors looke!

The New Jone.

A face disputative, of *Salamanca*.

Hos. Who's this? *Lat.* The glorious Colonel *Tip*, *Hos.*

Bea. One talkes vpon his tiptoes, if you'l heare him.

Tip. Thou hast good learning in thee, *maſte Fly.*

Fly. And I ſay *maſte*, to my Colonel. (i' faith.

Hos. Well *maſted* of 'hem both. *Bea.* They are match'd

Tip. But *Fly*, why *maſte*? *Fly.* *Quaſi magis anſis*,

My honourable Colonel. *Tip.* What a *Critique*?

Hos. There's another acceſſion, *Critique Fly.*

Lat. I feare a taynt here i'the *Mathematiques*.

They ſay, lines *paralell* doe neuer meet;

He has met his *paralell* in wit, and ſchole-craft.

Bea. They ſide, not meet man, mend your *metaphor*,

And ſaue the credit of your *Mathematiques*.

Tip. But *Fly*, how cam'ſt thou to be here, committed

Vnto this Inne? *Fly.* Vpon ſuſpicion o'drinke, Sir,

I waſtaken late one night, here, with the Tapſter,

And the vnder-officers, and ſo depoſited.

Tip. I will redeeme thee, *Fly*, and place thee better,

With a faire Lady, *Fly.* A Lady, ſweet Sir, *Glorious*!

Tip. A Sou'raigne Lady. Thou ſhalt be the Bird

To Soueraigne *Prin.* *Queene* of our ſports, her *Fly.*

The *Fly* in houſhold, and in ordinary;

Bird of her care, and ſhe ſhall weare thee there!

A *Fly* of gold, enamel'd, and a ſchoole-*Fly.*

Hos. The ſchoole, then are my ſtables, or the cellar,

VVhere he doth ſtudy, deeply, at his houres,

Caſes of cups, I doe not know how ſpic'd

VVith conſcience, for the Tapſter, and the Hoſtler: as

VVhoſe horſes may be coſſen'd? or what Iugs

Fil'd vp with froth? that is his way of learning.

Tip.

The New Inne.

Tip. VVhat antiquated Fether's that, that talkes?

Fly. The worshipfull host, my patron, M^r. *Good-stock*:

A merry Greke, and cants in Latine, comely,

Spins like the parish top. *Tip.* I'll set him vp, then.

Art thou the *Dominus*? *Host.* *Fac-totum* here, Sir.

Tip. Host reall o'the house? and Cap of Maintenance?

Host. The Lord o'the light Heart, Sir, *Cap a pie*;

VVhereof the Fether is the Embleme, Colonel,

Put vp, with the Ace of Hearts! *Tip.* But why in *Cuerpo*?

I hate to see an host, and old, in *Cuerpo*. (doubler.

Host. *Cuerpo*? what's that? *Tip.* Light, skipping hose and

The horse boyes garbe! poore blank, and halfe blank

They relish not the grauity of an host, (*Cuerpo*,

VVho should be King at Armes, and ceremonies,

In his owne house! know all, to the goldweights.

Bea. VVhy that his *Fly* doth for him here, your Bird.

Tip. But I would doe it my selfe, were I my Host,

I would not speake vnto a Cooke of quality,

Your Lordships footman, or my Ladies *Trundle*,

In *Cuerpo*! If a Dog but slay'd below

That were a dog of fashion, and well nos'd,

And could present himselfe; I would put on

The *Savoy* chaine about my neck; the ruffe;

And cuffes of *Flanders*; then the *Naples* hat;

VVith the *Rome* hatband; and the *Florentine* Agate;

The *Milan* sword; the cloake of *Genoa*; set

With *Brabant* buttons; all my giuen pieces:

Except my gloues, the natives of *Madrid*,

To entertaine him in! and complement

With a tame cony, as with a Prince that sent it.

Host.

The New Inne.

Hof. The same deeds, though, become not every man,
That fits a *Colonel*, will not fit an host,

Tip. Your *Spanish* host is neuer seen in *Cuerpo*, (the father
Without his *Paramento's* cloake, & sword. *Fli.* Sir he has
Of swords, within a long sword, Blade cornish stild

Of Sir *Rud Hugbibras*.

Tip. And with a long sword, bully bird thy fence?

Fli. To note him a tall-man, and a Master of fence:

Tip. But doth he teach the *Spanish* way of *Don Lewis*?

Fli. No, the Greeke Master he. *Tip.* what cal you him? *Fli.*

Tip. Fart vpon *Euclide*, he is stale, & antique, (*Euclide*
Gime the modernes. *Fli.* Sir he minds no modernes,

Go by, *Hieronymo*! *Tip.* What was he? *Fli.* The *Italian*,

That plaid with Abbot *Antony*, iⁿ the Friars,

And *Blinkin-sops* the bold. *Tip.* I mary, those,

Had fencing names, what's become o' them?

Hof. They had their times, and we can say, they were
So had *Caranza*-his: so had *Don Lewis*.

Tip. *Don Lewis* of *Madrid*, is the sole Master
Now, of the world. *Hof.* But this, o' the other world
Euclide demonstrates! he! Hee's for all!

The only fencer of name, now in *Elysium*.

Fli. He do's it all, by lines, and angles, *Colonel*.
By parallels, and sections, has his *Diagrammes*!

Bea. Wilt thou be flying, *Fly*? *Laz.* At all, why not?
The ayre's as free for a fly, as for an *Eagle*.

Bea. A Buzzard! he is in his contemplation!

Tip. *Euclide* a fencer, and in the *Elysium*!

Hof. He play'd a prize, last weeke, with *Archimedes*,
And beate him I assure you. *Tip.* Doe you assure me?

For what?

The New Inne.

For what? *Hof.* For foure i'the hundred. Gi' me five,
And I assure you, againe. *Tip.* Host, Peremptory,
You may be tane, But where? whence had you this?

Hof. Vpo' the road, A post, that came from thence,
Three dayes agoe, here, left it with the Tapster.

Fli. Who is indeede a thorough fare of newes,
*Jack In*g with the broken belly, a witty fellow! (Bird?

Hof. Your Bird here heard him. *Tip.* Did you heare him

Hof. Speake i'the faith of a flie. *Fli.* Yes, and he told vs,
Of one that was the Prince of *Oranges* fencer,

Tip. *Stevinus*? *Fli.* Sir the same, had challeng'd *Euclide*
A thirty weapons more then *Archimedes*

Ere saw; and engines: most of his owne Inuention:

Tip. This may haue credit, and chimes reason, this!
If any man endanger *Euclide*, Bird,

Obserue, that had the honor to quit *Europe*

This forty yeare, tis he. He put downe *Scaliger*.

Fli. And he was a great Master. *Bea.* Not of fence, *Fly.*

Tip. Excuse him, Lord, he went o' the same grounds:

Bea. On the same earth I thinke, with other Mortals?

Tip. I meane, sweete Lord, the *Mathematiques*, *Basta*!

When thou know'st more, thou wilt take lesse, Greene
He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants — (honor.

Fli. He writ a booke o' the quadrature o' the Circle,

Tip. *Cyclometria*, I read — *Bea.* The title onely.

Lat. And *Indice*. *Bea.* If it had one of that *quare*.

What insolent, halfe-witted things, these are?

Lat. So are all smatterers, insolent, and impudent.

Bea. They lightly go together. *Lat.* T'is my wonder!
Two *animals* should hawke at all discourse thus!

Fly

The New Inn.

Flie every subject to the Marke, or retrieve—

Bea. And neuer ha' the lucke to be i'the right

Lat. Tis some folkes fortune ! *Bea.* Fortune's a Bird

And a blind Begger : tis their vanity !

And shewes most vilely ! *Tip.* I could take the heart

To write vnto *Don Lewis*, into *Spain*,

To make a progresse to the *Elysian* fields,

Next summer—*Bea.* And perswade him die for fame,

Of fencing with a shadow ! Where's mine Host ?

I would he had heard this buble breake, i't sayth,

Act. 2. Scene 6.

Host. Tip. Prudence. Beaufort. Latimer.

Franke. Nurse. Lady. Flie. Lovel.

Make place, stand by, for the Queene Regent, Gentle

Tip. This is thy Queen, that shalbe, Bird, our Sovereign

Bea. Translated *Prudence* ! *Prn.* Sweet my Lord, haue

It is not now, as when plaine *Prudence* liu'd,

And reach'd her Ladiship—*Host.* The Chamber-pot

Prn. The looking-glasse, mine Host, loose your house

You haue a negligent memory, indeed ; (*Metaphor*)

Speake the host's language. Here's a yong Lord,

Will make't a precedent else. *Lat.* Well acted *Prn.*

The New Inne.

Host. First minute of her raigne: what will she doe
Forty yeare hence? God bleſſe her! *Fra.* If you'll kille,
Or complement, my Lord, behold a Lady,
A ſtranger, and my Ladyes kinſwoman.

Bea. I doe confeſſe my rudeneſſe, that had need
To haue mine eye directed to this beauty.

Fra. It was ſo little, as it ask'd a perſpicill.

Bea. Lady, your name? *Fra.* My Lord, it is *Letitia*.

Bea. *Letitia*! a faire omen! And I take it.

Let me haue ſtill ſuch *Letitice* for my lips:

But that o' your family, Lady! *Fra.* Silly, Sir.

Bea. My Ladyes kinſwoman? *Fra.* I am ſo honour'd.

Host. Already, it takes! *Lad.* An excellent fine boy.

Nur. He is deſcended of a right good ſtock, Sir.

Bea. What's this? an Antiquary? *Host.* An Antiquity,
By th' dreſſe, you'd ſwear! An old Welch Heralds wid-
(dow:

She's a wild-Iriſh borne! Sir, and a Hybride,

That liues with this yong Lady, a mile off here,

And ſtudies *Vincent* againſt *Torke*. *Bea.* She'l conquer,
If ſhe read *Vincent*. Let me ſtudy her.

Host. She's perfect in moſt pedigrees, moſt deſcents.

Bea. A Baud, I hope, and knowes to blaze a coate.

Host. And iudgeth all things with a ſingle eye,

Hy, come you hither; No diſcouery

Of what you ſee, to your Colonel *Tee*, or *Tip*, here,

But keepe all cloſe, tho' you ſtand i' the way o' prefer-
(ment,

D

Seeke

The New Inne.

Seeke it, off from the roade ; no flattery sort :

No lick-soote, paine of loosing your *proboscis* :

My Licorish *Fly*. *Tip*. What sayes old veluet-head ?

Fli. He will present me himselfe, Sir, if you will not.

Tip. Who ? he present ? what ? whom ? An Host ?

(A Groome !

Diuide the thanks with me ? share in my glories ?

Lay vp. I say no more. *Hos*. Then silence Sir,

And heare the sou'raigne. *Tip*. Hostlers ? to vsurpe

Vpon my *Sparta* or *Prouince*, as they lay ?

No broome but mine ? *Hos*. Still Colonel, you mutter

Tip. I dare speake out, as *Ouerpo*. *Fli*. Noble Colonel.

Tip. And carry what I aske. *Hos*. Ask what you can & :

So't be'r the house. *Tip*. I ask my rights & priuiledges,

And though for forme I please to call't a suite,

I haue not beene accustomed to repulse.

Prn. No sweet Sir *Glorious*, you may still command.

Hos. And go without. *Prn*. But yet Sir being the first,

And call'd a suite, you'll looke it shall be such

As we may grant. *Lad*. It else denies it selfe.

Prn. You heare the opinion of the Court. *Tip*. I mind

No Court opinions. *Prn*. T'is my Ladies, though.

Tip. My Lady is a Spinster, at the Law,

And my petition is of right. *Prn*. What is it ?

Tip. It is for this poore learned bird. *Hos*. The *Fly* ?

Tip. Professour in the Inne, here, of small matters.

Lad. How he commends him ! *Hos*. As, to saue himselfe

(in him.

Lad. So do all *Politiques* in their commendations.

Hos. This is a State-bird, and the verier flic ?

Tip.

The New Inne.

Tip. Heare him *problemazize*. *Pr.* Blesse vs, what's that?

Tip. Or *sylogize*, *elenchize*. *Lad.* Sure, petard's,
To blow vs vp. *Lat.* Some ingenious strong words!

Hof. He meanes to erect a castle in the ayre,
And make his flie an Elephant to carry it.

Tip. Bird of the Arts he is, and *Fly* by name! (else.

Pr. *Buz.* *Hof.* Blow him off good *Pr.*, they'l mar all

Tip. The Soueraigne's honor is to cherish learning.

Pr. What is a Fly? *Tip.* In any thing industrious.

Pr. But Flies are busie! *Lad.* Nothing more troublesom,
Or importune! *Tip.* Ther's nothing more domestlick,

Tame, or familiar then your Flie in *Cuerpo*. (deed, else

Hof. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame in-
Nothing more impudent, and greedy; licking:

Lad. Or sawcy, good Sir *Glorious*. *Pr.* Leau your Ad-
Except that we shall call you Orator Flie, (uocate-ship
And send you downe to the dresser, and the dishes.

Hof. A good flap, that! *Pr.* Commit you to the steem!

Lad. Or els condemn you to the bottles. *Pr.* And pots:

There is his quarry. *Hof.* He will chirp, far better,

Your bird, below. *Lad.* And make you finer *Musique*.

Pr. His *buz*, will there become him. *Tip.* Come away.

Buz, in their faces: Glue them all the *Buz*,

Dor in their eares, and eyes, *Hum*, *Dor*, and *Buz*!

I will statuminate and vnderprop thee.

If they scorne vs, let vs scorne them- Wee'll finde

The thorough-fare below, and *Quere* him,

Leau these relics, *Buz*; they shall see that I,

Spight of their jeares, dare drinke, and with a Flie.

Lat. A faire remoue at once, of two impertinents!

1st T D 2 Excellent

The New Inne.

Excellent *Prin*! I love thee for thy wit,
No lesse then State. *Prin*. One must preſerue the other.

Lad. Who's here? *Prin*. O *Lovel*, Madam, your ſad ſervant.

Lad. Sad? he is ſollen ſtill, and weares a cloud
About his browes; I know not how to approach him.

Prin. I will inſtruct you, madame, if that be all,
Goe to him and kiſſe him. *Lad*. How, *Prin*? *Prin*. Goe, and
kiſſe him, (No,

I doe command it. *Lad*. Th'art not wilde, wench! *Prin*.
Tame, and exceeding tame, but ſtill your Sou'raigne.

Lad. Hath too much brauery made thee mad? *Prin*. Nor
Doe, what I doe enioyne you. No diſputing (proude
Of my prerogative, with a front, or frowne;
Doe not detrect: you know th'authority

Is mine, and I will exerciſe it, ſwiſſly,
If you prouoke me. *Lad*. I haue wouen a net
To ſnare my ſelfe in! Sir I am enioyn'd
To tender you a kiſſe; but doe not know
Why, or wherefore, onely the pleaſure royall
Will haue it ſo, and vrgeſ—Doe not you
Triumph on my obedience, ſeeing it forc't thus.

There 'tis. *Lov*. And welcome. Was there euer kiſſe
That reliſh'd thus! or had a ſting like this,
Of ſo much Nectar, but, with Aloes mixt.

Prin. No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.

Lov. It had, me thinks, a quinteſſence of either,
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.
How ſoone it paſſ'd away! how vnrecovered!
The diſtillation of another ſoule
Was not ſo ſweet! and till I meet againe,

That

The New Inne.

That kisse, those lips, likerelish, and this taste,
Let me turne all, consumption, and, here waste.

Prn. The royall assent is past, and cannot alter.

Lad. You'l turne a Tyrant. *Prn.* Be not you a Rebelle,
It is a name is alike odious.

Lad. You'l heare me? *Prn.* No, not o'this argument.
Would you make lawes, and be the first that break 'hem?
The example is pernicious in a subiect,
And of your quality, most. *Lad.* Excellent Princeesse!

Host. Iust Queene! *Lad.* Braue Sou'raigne. *Host.* A she-
(*Traian!* this!

Bea. What is't? Proceede incomparable *Prn!*
I am glad I am scarce at leasure to applaud thee.

Lad. It's well for you, you haue so happy expressions.

Lad. Yes, cry her vp, with acclamations, doe,
And cry me downe, runne all with soueraignty
Prince Power will neuer want her *Parasites.*

Prn. Nor *Murmure* her pretences: Master *Lovel,*
For so your libell here, or bill of complaint,
Exhibited, in our high Court of Sou'raignty,
At this first hower of our raigne, declares
Against this noble Lady, a dis-respect
You haue conceiu'd, if not receiu'd, from her.

Host. Receiued, so the charge lies in our bill.

Prn. We see it, his learned Councell, leaue your planing;
We that doe loue our iustice, aboue all
Our other Attributes; and haue the nearnesse,
To know your extraordinary merit;
As also to discern this Ladyes goodnesse;
And finde how loth shee'd be, to lose the honour,

The New Inne.

And reputation, she hath had, in having
So worthy a seruant, though but for few minutes.
Do here enioyne. *Hof.* Good! *Prn.* Charge, will, & com-
Her Ladiship, pain of our high displeasure (mand
And the committing an extreame contempt,
Vnto the Court, our crowne and dignity.

Hof. Excellent Soueraigne! And egregious *Prn.*

Prn. To entertaine you for a payre of howres,
(Chooſe, when you please, this day) with all respects,
And valuation of a principall seruant,
To giue you all the titles, all the priuiledges,
The freedoms, fauours, rights, she can beſtow.

Hof. Large, ample words, of a braue latitude!

Prn. Or can be expected, from a Lady of honor,
Or quality, in diſcourſe, acceſſe, addreſſe. (*Hof.* Good.

Prn. Not to giue eare, or admit conference
With any perſon but your ſelfe. Nor there,
Of any other argument, but loue,
And the companion of it, gentle courtſhip.

For which your two howres ſeruiſe, you ſhall take
Two kiſſes. *Hof.* Noble! *Prn.* For each howre, a kiſſe,
To be tane freely, fully, and legally;
Before vs; in the Court here, & our preſence. *Hof.* Rare!

Prn. But thoſe howres paſt, and the two kiſſes paid,
The binding caution is, neuer to hope
Renewing of the time, or of the ſuit,
On any circumſtance. *Hof.* A hard condition!

Lat. Had it beene eaſier, I ſhould haue ſuſpected
The ſou'raignes iuſtice. *Hof.* O you are ſeruant,
My Lord, vnto the Lady, and a Riual!.

The New Inn.

In point of law, my Lord, you may be challeng'd.

Lat. I am not icalous! *Host.* Of so short a time
Your Lorchip needs not, and being done, in *foro.*

Prn. What is the answer? *Host.* He craues respite, ma-
(dame,
To aduise with his learned Councell. *Prn.* Be you he,

And goe together quickly. *Lad.* You are, no Tyrant?

Prn. If I be madam, you were best appeale me!

Lat. *Beaufort*— *Bea.* I am busie, pr'ythee let me alone:
I haue a cause in hearing too. *Lat.* At what Barre?

Bea. Lou's Court o' Requests! *Lat.* Bring't into the
It is the nobler Court, afore Iudge *Prn.* (Souerainty:
The only learned mother of the Law!

And Lady o' conscience, too! *Bea.* 'Tis well enough
Before this mistresse of Requests, where it is.

Host. Let 'hem not scorne you. Beare vp master *Lovel.*
And take your howres, and kisses, They are a fortune.

Lov. Which I cannot approue, and lesse make vse of:

Host. Still i'this cloud! why cannot you make vse of?

Lov. Who would be rich to be so soone vndone?
The beggars best is wealth, he doth not know:
And, but to shew it him, inflames his want:

Host. Two howers at height? *Lov.* That ioy is too too
Would bound a loue, so infinite as mine: (narrow,
And being past, leaues an eternall losse.

Who so prodigiously affects a feast,
To forfeit health, and appetite, to see it?
Or but to taste a spoone-full, would forgoe

The New Inne.

All gust of delicacy euer after?

Hof. These, yet, are houres of hope. *Lov.* But all houres
Yeares of despaire, ages of misery? (following)

Nor can so short a happinesse, but spring
A world of feare, with thought of loosing it;
Better be neuer happy, then to feele
A litte of it, and then loole it euer.

Hof. I doe confesse, it is a strict iniunction;
But, then the hope is, it may not be kept.

A thousand things may interuene, We see
The winde sh-ift often, thrice a day, sometimes;

Decrees may alter vpon better motion,

And riper hearing. The best bow may start,

And th'hand may vary. *Prn* may be a sage

In Law, and yet not soure, sweet *Prn*, smooth *Prn*,

Soft, *debonaire*, and amiable *Prn*,

May doe as well as rough, and rigid *Prn*;

And yet maintayne her, venerable *Prn*,

Maieslique Prn, and *Serenissimus Prn*.

Trie but one hower first, and as you like

The loose o'that, Draw home and prove the other.

Lov. If one hower could, the other happy make,

I should attempt it. *Hof.* Put it on: and doe.

Lov. Or in the blest attempt that I might die!

Hof. I mary; there were happinesse indeed;

Transcendent to the Melancholy, meant.

It were a fate, aboue a monument,

And all inscription, to die so. A Death

For Emperours to enjoy! And the Kings

The New Inne.

Of the rich East, to pawn their regions for;
To sow their treasure, open all their mines,
Spend all their spices to embalm their corps,
And wrap the inches vp in sheets of gold,
That sell by such a noble destiny!

And for the wrong to your friend, that seare's awa,
He rather wrongs himselfe, following fresh light,
New cies to sweare by. If Lord *Beaufort* change,
It is no crime in you to remaine constant.

And vpon these conditions, at a game
So vrg'd vpon you. *Prn.* Sir your resolution—

Hof. How is the Lady affected? *Prn.* Sou'raignes vs not
To aske their subiects suffrage where'tis due;
But where conditionall. *Hof.* A royall Sou'raigne!

Lat. And a rare States-woman. I admire her bearing
In her new regiment. *Hof.* Come choose your heures,
Better be happy for a part of time,
Then not the whole: and a short parr, then neuer.
Shall I appoint them, pronounce for you? *Lov.* Your
(pleasure.

Hof. Then he designs his first houre after dinner;
His second after supper. Say yee? Content? (tent.

Prn. Content. *Lat.* I am content. *Lat.* Content. *Fra.* Con-

Bea. What's that? I am content too. *Lat.* You haue rea-
You had it on the by, and we obseru'd it. (ton,

Nur. Trot. I am not content: in faie' I am not.

Hof. Why art not thou content, Good *sheles-nien*?

Nur. He rauk so desperate, and so debaush't,
So baudy like a Courtier, and a Lord, (mixt.

God blesse him, one that tak'th Tobacco. *Hof.* Very well
What

The New Inne.

What did he say? *Nur.* Nay, nothing to the purpose,
Or very little, nothing at all to purpose.

Hosf. Let him alone Nurse. *Nur.* I did tell him of Sir
Was a great family come out of Ireland,
Descended of O Neale; *Mac Con*, *Mac Dermot*,
Mac Murrough, but he mark'd not. *Hosf.* Nor doe I,
Good Queene of Herald, ply the bottle, and sleepe.

Act 3. Scene 1.

Tip. Flie. Ing. Peirce. Jordan. Ferret. Trundle.

I like the plot of your *Militia*, well!
It is a fine *Militia*, and well order'd!
And the diuision's neat! I will be desir'd
Only, the expressions were a little more *Spanish*:
For there's the best *Militia* o'the world!
To call them *Tertias*. *Tertia* of the kitchen,
The *Tertia* of the cellar, *Tertia* of the chamber,
And *Tertia* of the stables. *Flie.* That I can, Sir,
And find out very able, fit commanders.
In euery *Tertia*. *Tip.* Now you are i'the right!
As i'the *Tertia* o'the kitchen, your selfe
Being a person, elegant in sawces,
There to command, as prime: *Maestro del Campo*,
Chiefe Master of the palate, for that *Tertia*:
Or the Cooke vnder you, 'cause you are the Marshall,
And the next officer i'the field, to the Host.

Then

The New Inne.

Then for the cellar, you haue young *Anone*,
Is a rare fellow, what's his other name?

Fly. Pierce, Sir. *Tip.* Sir *Pierce*, I'le ha' him a Cavalier.
Sir *Pierce Anon*, will peirce vs a new hogs-head!
And then your thorow-fare, *Ing* here, his *Alferex*:
An able officer, giu' me thy beard, round *Ing*,
I take thee by this handle, and doe loue
One of thy inches! I' the chambers, *Iordan*, here!
He is the *Don, del Campo* o' the beds.

And for the stables, what's his name? *Fly.* old *Peck*,

Tip. Maestro del Campo, *Peck*! his name is *curr*,
A monosyllabe, but commands the horse well.

Fly. O, in an Inne, Sir, we haue other horse,
Let those troopes rest a while. Wine is the horse,
That wee must charge with here. *Tip.* Bring vp the
Or call sweet *Fly*, 'tis an exact *Militia*, (troopes,
And thou an exact professor, *Lipsius Fly*,
Thou shalt be cal'd, and *Iouise*: lack *Ferret*, welcome,
Old Trench-master, and Colonel o' the *Pyoners*,
What canst thou bolt vs now? a Coney? or two
Out of *Thom's Trundle* burrow, here, the Coach?
This is the master of the carriages!

How is thy driving *Thom*: good, as twas?

Tru. It serues my Lady, and our officer *Pra.*
Twelve mile an houre! *Thom* has the old trundle still.

Tip. I am taken with the family, here, fine fellowes?
Viewing the muster roll. *Tru.* They are braue men!

Fer. And of the *Fly*: blowne discipline all, the Quarter.

Tip. The *Fly*'s a rare bird, in his profession (master)
Let's sip a private pinte with him, I would haue him

baA

Quit

The New Inne.

Quit this light signe of the light heart, my bird
And lighter house. It is not for his tall
And growing grauity, so Cedar-like,
To be the second to an Host in *Cuerpo*,
That knowes no *elegancies*, vse his owne
Disfaimen, and his *Genius*, I would haue him
Flie high, and strike at all. Heer's yong *Anone*, too!

Pei. What wine is't Gentlemen, white or claret?

Tip. White. My briske *Anone*.

Pei. I'll draw you *Iano's* milke

That died the Lilies, Colonel. *Tip.* Do so *Peiret*.

Pee. A plague of all lades, what a clap he has gin me!

Fli. Why how now Cossen? *Tip.* Who's that?

Fer. The Hostler. (hanches)

Fli. What ayl'st thou Cossen *Peck*? *Pee.* O me, my

As sure as you liue, Sir, he knew perfectly

I meant to Cossin him. He did leere so on me,

And then he snierd. As who would say take heed S'ah,

And when he saw our halfe-pecke, which you know

Was but an old court-dish, Lord how he stamp't

I thought, 't had beene for ioy. When suddainly

He cuts me a backe caper with his heeles,

And takes me iust o'the crouper. Downe come I wold

And my whole ounce of oates! Then he neighed out,

As if he had a Mare by the tayle. *Fli.* Troth Cossin,

You are to blame to vse the poore dumbe Christians,

So cruelly, defraud 'hem o'their *dimensum*,

Yonder's the Colonels horse (there I look'd ib)

Keeping our Ladies Eue! The diuell a bit

He ha's got, sin'e he came in yet! There he stands,

And

The New Inne.

And lookes and lookes, but t'is your pleasure, Cofse,
He should looke leane enough.

Pec. He ha's hay before him. (choake him,

Fli. Yes, but as grosse as hempe, and as soone will
Vnlesse he eat it butter'd. H' had foure shoes,
And good ones, when he came in: It is a wonder,
With standing still he should cast three. *Pec.* Troth

(Quarter-Master,
This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts
Our standing manners quickly: Once a weeke,
I meet with such a brush to mollifie me.

Sometimes a brace, to awake my Conscience,
Yet still, I sleepe securely. *Fli.* Cofsin Peck,
You must vse better dealing, sayth you must.

Pec. Troth, to giue good example, to my successors,
I could be well content to sleale but two girths,
And now and then a saddle cloth, change a bridle,
For exercise: and stay there. *Fli.* If you could
There were some hope, on you, Cofse. But the fate is
You are drunke so early, you mistake whole Saddles:
Sometimes a horse. *Pec.* I there's —

Fli. The wine, come Cofse, he talk with you anone.

Pec. Doe, loose no time, good Quarter-Master.

Tip There are the horse, come, *Fli.*

Fli. Charge, in Boyes, in; Lieutenant o'the ordinance,
Tobacco, & pipes. *Tip.* Who's that? Old Iordan, good!
A comely vessell, and a necessary.

New-ticour'd he is: Here's to thee, Martiall *Fly.*

In milke, my yong *Anone* sayes. *Pec.* Cream o'the grape!
That drop't from *Iuno's* breasts, and sprung the Lilly!

The New Inn.

I can recite your fables, *Fly*, Here is, too,
The blood of *Venus*, mother o' the Rose!

Ior. The dinner is gone vp. *Iug*. I heare the whistle.

Ior. I, and the fiddlers. We must all goe waite.

Pei. Pox o' this waiting, Quarter Master, *Fly*.

Fly. When Chambermaids are soueraignes, waite
Fly scornes to breath. *Pec*. or blow vpon the, he. (Lads)

Pei. Old Parcel *Peck*! Art thou there? how now? lamed

Pec. Yes faith: it is ill halting afore cripples,
I ha' got a dash of a lade, here, will stick by me.

Pei. O you haue had some phant'sie, fellow *Peck*,
Some reuelation—*Pec*. What? *Pei*. To steale the key,

Out o' the racks againe: *Fly*. I told him so,

When the ghefts backs were turn'd. *Pei*. Or bring

The bottome vpwads, heap'd with oates; and cry,

Here's the best measure vpon all the roade! when

You know the ghest, put in his hand, to feele,

And smell to the oates, that grated all his fingers

Vpo' the wood—*Pec*. Mum! *Pei*. And found out your chest.

Pec. I ha' bin i' the cellar, *Peirce*. *Pei*. You were there

Vpo' your knees; I doe remember it—

To ha' the fast conceald. I could tell more,

Soping of saddles, cutting of horse taitles,

And cropping—pranks of ale, and hostelry—

Fly. Which he cannot forget, he sayes, yong *Knight*:

No more then you can other deeds of darknesse,

Done i' the cellar. *Tip*. Well said, bold professor,

Few. We shall ha' some truth explain'd. *Pri*. We are all

And haue our visions, *Pec*. Truly it seemes to me

Tbt

The New Inne.

that every horſe has his whole peck, and tumbles
vp to the eares in littour, *Fly*. When, indeed
there's no ſuch matter; not a ſmell of prouander.

Fer. Not ſo much ſtraw as would tie vp a horſe-taile!

Fly. Nor any thing i'the rack, but two old cob-webs!
And ſo much rotten hay, as had beene a hens neſt!

Tru. And yet he's euer apt to ſweepe the mangers!

Fer. But puts in nothing. *Pri*. Theſe are fits, and fancies,

Which you muſt leaue, good *Peck*. *Fly*. And you muſt

it may be reueal'd to you, at ſome-times, (pray

Whoſe horſe you ought to coſen; with what conſcience;

The how; and when; a Parſons horſe may ſuffer

Pri. Who's maſter's double benefic'd; put in that.

Fly. A little greaſing i'the teeth; 'tis wholeſome

And keeps him in a ſober ſhuffle. *Pri*. His ſaddle too

May want a ſtirrop. *Fly*. And, it may be ſworne,

His learning lay o' one ſide, and ſo broke it.

Pec. They haue euer oates i'their cloake-bags, to affront

Fly. And therefore 'tis an office meritorious, (vs.

To tich ſuch foundly. *Pri*. And a graziers may.

Fer. O they are pinching puckerfiſts! *Tru*. And ſuſpicious,

Pri. Suffer before the maſters face, ſometimes.

Fly. He ſhall thinke he ſees his horſe eate halfe a buſhell,

Pri. When the ſlight is, rubbing his gummes with ſalt,

Till all the ſkin come off, he ſhall but mumble,

Like an old woman that were chewing brawne,

And drop 'hem out againe. *Tip*. Well argued Cavalier,

Fly. It may doe well: and goe for an example:

But Colle, haue care of vnderſtanding horſes,

Horſes with angry heeles, Nobility horſes,

Horſes

The New Inne.

Horses that know the world; let them haue meat
Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribbes
Shine like a wenchs forehead; They are Diuels else
Will looke into your dealings. *Pec.* For mine own part
The next I cosen o' the pampred breed,
I wish he may be found red. *Fls.* Foun-de-red,
Prolate it right. *Pec.* And of all foure, I wish it,
I loue no crouper complements. *Pei.* Whose horse was

Pec. Why, M^r Bursts. *Pei.* Is Bat Burst come?

Pec. An howre he has beene heere.

Tip. What Burst? *Pei.* Mas, Bartolmew Burst.

One that hath beene a Citizen, since a Courtier,
And now a Gamester. Hath had all his whirles,
And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,
Once a Bat, and euer a Bat! a Rere-mouse,
And Bird o' twilight, he has broken thrice.

Tip. Your better man, the *Geno'way* Prouerbe saye,
Men are not made of Steele. *Pei.* Nor are they bowed
Alwayes to hold. *Fls.* Thrice honourable Colours!

Hinges will crack. *Tip.* Though they be Spanish iron

Pei. He is a merchant still, Aduenturer,
At in, and in; and is our thorough-fares friend.

Tip. Who? *Ings?* *Pei.* The same; and a fine gentleman
Was with him! *Pec.* M^r Huffle. *Pei.* Who? Hodge Huffle?

Tip. What's he? *Pei.* A cheater, & another fine gentleman
A friend o' the Chamberlaynes! *Jordans!* M^r Huffle
He is Bursts protection. *Fls.* Fights, and vapors for him

Pei. He will be drunk so ciuilly. *Fls.* So discreetly.

Pei. And punctually! iust at his houre. *Fls.* And then

The New June.

Call for his *Jordan*, with that *hum* and *state*,

As if he pil'd the *Politiques*! *Pei.* And sup

With his rust-saffate night-geere, heere, so silently!

Fl. Nothing but Musique! *Pei.* A dozen of bawdy songs.

Tip. And knowes the Generall this? *Fl.* O no, *St. Dormis*,

Dormis Patronus, still, the master sleepes.

They'll steale to bed. *Pei.* In private Sir, and pay,

The Fiddlers with that modesty, next morning.

Fl. Take a *disune* of muscadell, and egges! (*Gipsies*)

Pei. And packe away i their trundling cheats, like

Tru. Mysteries, mysteries, *Ferret.* *Fer.* I we see, *Trun-*

What the great Officers, in an Inne may doe; (*die*,

I doe not say the Officers of the Crowne

But the light heart. *Tip.* I'll see the *Bat*, and *Huffle*.

Fer. I ha' some busines Sir, I craue your pardon—

Tip. What? *Fer.* To be sober. *Tip.* Pox, goe get you

(gone then.

Trundle shall stay. *Tru.* No I besech you Colonel,

Your Lordship ha's a minde to bee drunke private,

With these brave Gallants; I will step aside

Into the stables, and salute my Mares.

Pei. Yes doe: and sleepe with them, let him go—base

(whip-stocke.

Hee's as drunke as a fish now, almost as dead.

Tip. Come, I will see the flicked mouse, my Flic.

The New Inn.

Act 3. Scene 2.

Prudence usher'd by the *Host*, takes her seat of Judicature, *Nurse*, *Franke*, the two Lords *Beaufort*, and *Latimer*, assist of the Bench: The *Lady* and *Lord* are brought in, and sit on the two sides of the stage, confronting each the other.

Ferret. Trundle.

Pr. Heere set the hower; but first produce the parties. And cleere the court. The time is now at price.

Host. In, get you down, and *Trundle* get you vp, You shall be Crier. *Ferret* here, the Clerk.

Jordan, smell you without, till the Ladies call you, Take downe the Fiddlers too, silence that noyse, Deepe, i'the cellar, safe. *Pr.* Who keeps the watch?

Host. Old *Sheelin* is heere, is the Madam. Tel-clocks.

Nur. No fait and trot, sweet Maister, I shall sleep; I fait, I shall. *Bea.* I pry thee, doe thou; *Sabrich.* O, she brings to mind the fable o'the Dragon, That kept the *Hesperian* fruit. Would I could charme

Host. *Trundle* will do it with his *bum*. Come *Trundle*. Precede him *Ferret*, i'the forme.

The New Inn.

<p><i>Fer.</i> Oyez, oyez, oyez. Whereas there hath beene awarded, By the Queene Regent of Loue, In this high court of soueraignty, Two speciall howers of addresse, To <i>Herebert Lovel</i>, appellant, Against the Lady <i>Frampul</i>, defendant <i>Herebert Lovel</i>, Come into the Court. Make challenge to thy first hower, And saue thee, and thy bayle.</p>	<p><i>Tru.</i> Oyez, &c. Whereas, &c. By the Qu. &c. In this high, &c. Two speciall, &c. To <i>Herebert</i>, &c. Against the, &c. <i>Herebert Lou.</i> &c. Make, &c. And saue, &c.</p>
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Hof. Loc, louting where he comes into the Court!
Clarke of the sou'raignty take his apparance.
And how accoutred, how design'd he comes!

<p><i>Fer.</i> T'adone. Now Crier, call the Lady <i>Frampul</i>, And by the name of, <i>Francis</i>, Lady <i>Frampul</i>, defendant, Come into the Court, Make answer to the award, And saue thee, and thy bayle.</p>	<p><i>Tru.</i> <i>Francis</i>, &c. Come into the, &c. Make answer, &c. And saue thee, &c.</p>
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Enter Lady

Hof. She makes a noble, and a iust apparance.
Set it downe likewise, and how armd she comes.

Tru. Vsher of Loues Court, giue 'hem their oath.
According to the forme, vpon Loue's *Missal*.

Hof. Arise, and lay your hands, vpon the Booke.

Herebert Lovel Appellant, and Lady *Frances Fram-
pul*, Defendant, you shall sweare vpon the Liturgie of
Loue, *Ouid de arte amandi*, that you neither haue, ne
will haue, nor in any w^{se} beare about you, thing, or
things, pointed, or blunt, within these lists, other then

The New Inne.

what are naturall, and allow'd by the Court : No in-
chanted Armes, or weapons, Stones of vertue, *Herbs*
of *Grace*, Charme, Character, Spel, Philtre, or other
power, then *Loues* only, and the iustnesse of your cause.
So helpe you Loue, his Mother, and the contents of this
Booke: Kisse it. Returne vnto your seats. Crier bid si-
lence,

Tru. Oyez. Oyez. Oyez.

<i>Fe.</i> I'the name o'the Soueraigne of Loue	<i>Tru.</i> I'the &c.
Notice is given by the Court,	Notice is &c.
To the Appellant, and Defendant,	To the Ap &c.
That the first houre of addresse proceeds.	That the &c.
And <i>Loue</i> saue the Soueraigne.	And loue &c.

Tru. Every man, or woman keep silence paine of impri-
Prn. Do your endeouours, in the name of *Loue*. (sonment,

Lou. To make my first approaches, then, in loue.

Lad. Tell vs what *Loue* is, that we may be sure
There's such a thing, and that it is in nature.

Lou. Excellent Lady, I did not expect
To meet an Infidell ! much lesse an Atheist !
Here in *Loue's* lists ! of so much vnbeleefe !
To raise a question of his being—*Hos.* Well-charg'd !

Lou. I rather thought, and, with religion, thinke,
Had all the character of loue beene lost,
His lines, demensions, and whole signature
Raz'd, and defac'd, with dull humanity:
That both his nature, and his essence might
Haue found their mighty instauration here,
Here where the confluence of faire, and good,
Meets to make vp all beauty. For, what else

The New Jone.

Is *Loue*, but the most noble, pure affection
Of what is truly beautifull, and faire?
Desire of vnion with the thing beloued?

(*Beau.* Haue the assistants of the Court their votes,
And writ of priuiledge, to speake them freely?

Prv. Yes, to assist; but not to interrupt.

Bea. Then I haue read somewhere, that man and woman
Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And being cleft asunder, euer since,
Loue was an appetite to be reioyn'd.

As for example— *Nar. Crama-cree!* what meanst' thou?

Bea. Only, to kisse, and part. *Hof.* So much is law-
(full.

Lat. And stands with the prerogative of *loues Court!*

Lov. It is a fable of *Plato's*, in his Banquet,
And vtter'd, there, by *Aristophanes*.

Hof. 'Twas well remembred here, and to good vse.)
But on with your description, what *Loue* is.
Desire of vnion with the thing belou'd.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
The efficient cause, what's beautifull, and faire.

The formall cause, the appetite of vnion.

The finall cause, the vnion it selfe.

But larger, if you'll haue it, by description,

It is a flame, and ardor of the minde,

Dead, in the proper corps, quick in anothers:

Trans-ferres the *Louer* into the *Loued*.

The he, or she, that *loues*, engraves, or stamps

Th' *Idea* of what they *loue*, first in themselves:

Or, like to glasses, so their mindes take in

The New Inne.

The formes of their belou'd, and them reflect,
It is the likenesse of affections,
Is both the parent, and the nurse of love.
Love is a spirituall coupling of two soules,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Vnto the body; circular, eternall;
Not fain'd, or made, but borne: And then, so pretious,
As nought can value it, but it selfe. So free,
As nothing can command it, but it selfe.
And in it selfe, so round, and liberall,
As where it fauours, it bestowes it selfe.

(*Bea.* And, that doe I; here my whole selfe, I tender,
According to the practise o'the Court.

Nar. I wish a naughty practish, a lewd practish,
Be quiet man, thou shalt not leip her, here.

Bea. Leape her? I lip her, foolish Queene at Armes,
Thy blazon's false: wilt thou blaspheme thine office?

Lov. But, we must take, and vnderstand this love
Along still, as a name of dignity;
Not pleasure. (*Hof.* Mark you that, my light yong Lord?)

Lov. True love hath no vnworthy thought, no light,
Loose, vn-becoming appetite, or straine,
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

(*Bea.* I relish not these philosophicall feasts;
Give me a banquet o' sense, like that of *Ovid*:
A forme, to take the eye; a voyce, mine eare;
Pure *aromatiques*, to my sent; a soft,
Smooth, deinty hand, to touch; and, for my taste,
Ambrosiack kills, to melt downe the palat.)

Lov. They are the earthly, lower forme of flowers,
Are

The New Inn.

Are only taken with what strikes the senses! And well
And loue by that loose scale, Although I grant,
We like, what's faire and gracefull in an object,
And (true) would vse it, in the all we tend to,
Both of our ciuill, and domestick deedes,
In ordering of an army, in our style,
Apparell, gesture, building, or what not,
All arts, and actions doe affect their beauty,
But put the case, in trauayle I may meet
Some gorgeous Structure, a brave Frontispice,
Shall I stay captiue i the outer court,
Surpris'd with that, and not aduance to know
Who dwels there, and inhabiteth the house?
There is my friendship to be made, within,
With what can loue me againe: not, with the walles,
Dores, windo'es, architraves, the frieze, and cornice,
My end is lost in louing of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Moue not, which only can make the returne.
The end of loue is, to haue two made one
In will, and in affection, that the mindes
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

Bea. Gi' me the body, if it be a good one. (raigne

Fra. Nay, sweet my Lord, I must appeale the Soue-
For better quarter; If you hold your practises
Tru. Silence, paine of imprisonment: Heare the Court.

Lev. The bodyes loue is fraile, subject to change,
And alter still, with it: The mindes is firme,
One, and the same, proceedeth first, from weighing,
And

The New Inne.

And well examining, what is faire, and good;
Then, what is like in reason, fit in mannery;
That breeds good will: good will desire of vnion.
So knowledge first, begets beneuolence,
Beneuolence breeds friendship, friendship loue.
And where it starts or sleps aside from this,
It is a mere degenerous appetite,
A lost, oblique, deprau'd affection,
And beares no marke, or character of Loue.

Lad. How am I changed! By what alchimy
Of loue, or language, am I thus translated?
His tongue is tip'd with the *Philosophers stone*,
And that hath touch'd me through euery vaine:
I feele that transmutation o' my blood,
As I were quite become another creature,
And all he speakes, it is protection!

Pro. Well fain'd, my Lady: now her parts begin!
Lat. And she will act 'hem subtilly. *Pro.* She saile me else.

Lov. Nor doe they trespasse within bounds of pardon,
That giuing way, and licence to their loue,
Di-uest him of his noblest ornaments,
Which are his modesty, and shamefacednesse:
And so they doe, that haue vnfit designes,
Vpon the parties, they pretend to loue.
For, what's more monstrous, more a prodigie,
Then to heare me protest truth of affection
Vnto a person that I would dishonor?
And what's a more dishonor, then defacing
Anothers good, with forfeiting mine owne?
And drawing on a fellowship of sinne;

From

The New Inne.

From note of which, though (for a while) we may
Be both kept safe, by caution, yet the conscience
Cannot be cleansed. For what was hitherto
Cal'd by the name of loue, becomes destroyd
Then, with the fact: the innocency lost,
The bating of affection soone will follow:
And Loue is neuer true, that is not lasting,
No more then any can be pure, or perfect,
That entertaines more then one object. *Dixi.*

Lad. O speake, and speake for ever! let min' care
Be fasted still; and filled with this banquet!
No sense can ever surfeit on such truth!
It is the marrow of all louers tenents!
Who hath read *Plato*, *Heliodore*, or *Tatius*,
Sydney, *DVist*, or all *Loues Fathers*, like him?
He, is there the Master of the Sentences,
Their Schoole, their Commentary, Text, and Glosse,
And breathes the true diuinity of Loue!

Prn. Excellent actor! how she hits this passion!

Lad. Where haue I liu'd, in heretic, so long
Out o' the Congregation of Loue,
And stood irregular, by all his Canons? (raigny,
Lad. But doe you thinke she playes? *Prn.* Vp to my Soue-
Marke her anon. *Lad.* I shake, and am halfe ialous.

Lad. What penance shall I doe, to be reconcil'd,
And reconcil'd, to the Church of Loue?
Goe on procession, bare-foot, to his Image,
And say some hundred penitentiall verses,
There, out of *Chaucers Troilus*, and *Cressida*
Or to his mothers shrine, vow a Wax-candle

You

65

As

The New Inne.

As large as the Towne May-pole is, and pay it
Enioyne me any thing this Court thinks fit,
For I haue trespass'd, and blasphem'd Loue,
I haue, indeed, despis'd his *Deity*,
Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew not.
Now I adore Loue, and would kisse the rushes
That beare this reuerend Gentleman, his Priest,
If that would exiate— but, I feare it will not.
For, tho' he be somewhat strooke in yeares, and old
Enough to be my father, he is wise,
And onely wise men loue, the other court.
I could begin to be in loue with him,
But will not tell him yet, because I hope
T'enioy the other houre, with more delight,
And proue him farther. *Pro.* Most *Seruatick* Lady!
Or, if you will *Ironick*! gi' you ioy
O' you *Platonick* loue here, M' *Love*.
But pay him his first kisse, yet, i'the Court,
Which is a debt, and due: For the houre's run.

Lad. How swift is time, and slyly steales away
From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?
I should haue thought it scarce had run ten minutes,
When the whole houre is fled. Here, take your kisse, Sir,
Which I most willing tender you, in Court.

(*Bea.* And we doe imitate—) *Lad.* And I could wish,
It had bene twenty— so the Soueraignes
Poore narrow nature had decreed it so—
But that is past, irreuocable, now:
She did her kind, according to her latitude—

Pro. Beware, you doe not coniure y^e a spirit

You

The New Inn.

You cannot lay. *Lad.* I dare you, doe your worst,
Shew me but such an iniustice: I would thanke you
To alter your award. *Lad.* Sure she is serious!

I shall haue another fit of iealousie!

I feel a grudging! *Host.* Cheare vp, noble ghest,

We cannot guesse what this may come to, yet,

The braine of man, or woman, is vncertaine!

Lov. Tut, she dissembles! All is personated,

And counterfeite comes from her! If it were not,

The Spanish Monarchy, with both the Indies,

Could not buy off the treasure of this kisse,

Or halfe giue balance for my happinesse.

Host. Why, as it is yet, it glads my light Heare

To see you rouz'd thus from a sleepey humor,

Of drouzy, accidentall melancholy;

And all those braue parts of your soule awake,

That did before seeme drown'd, and buried in you?

That you expresse your selfe, as you had back'd

The *Muses* Horse? or got *Bellerophons* armes!

What newes with *Fly*? *Fly.* Newes, of a newer Lady,

A finer, fresher, brauer, bonnier beauty,

A very *bona-Roba*, and a Bouncer!

In yallow, glittering, golden Satten. *Lad.* *Pro,*

Adiourne the Court. *Pro.* Cry *Trumple* - *Tru.* Oyez,

Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance

To giue vnto the Court; Keepe the second houre,

And Loue saue the Soueraigne.

And

And

And

The New Inn.

Act 4. Scene 1.

Ing. Barnabe. Iordan.

(thou beene)

*O Barnabe ! Ior. Welcome Barnabe ! Where hast
Bar. I the foule weather. Ing. Which has wet thee, Bar.
Bar. As drie as a chip ! Good Ing, a cast o' thy name,
As well as thy office ; two hugges ! Ing. By, and by.*

Ior. What Lady's this thou hast brought here ? Bar. A

(great Lady)

*I know no more: one, that will trie you, Iordan. blud
Shee'll finde your gage, your circle, your capacity
How do's old Staggers the Smith? and Tree, the Sadler?
Keep they their peny-club, still ? Ior. And th' old catch too,
Of whoop Barnaby- Bar. Doe they sing at me ?*

Ior. They are reeling at it, in the parlours, now.

Bar. Ile to 'hem : Gi' mee a drinke first. Ior. Where

Bar. I lost it by the way - Gi' me another. (thy hat)

Ing. A hat ? Bar. A drinke. Ing. Take heed of taking

(cold, Bar)

*Bar. The wind blew't off at High-gate, and my Lady
Would not endure mee, light, to take it up,
But made me driue bare-headed i'th' raine.*

Ior. That she might be mistaken for a Countesse !

Bar. Troth, like inough ! She might be an o're-grown

(Dutchess)

For ought I know. Ing. What ! with one man ? Bar. At a

(time)

They cary no more, the best of 'hem. Ior. Nor the brach.

Bar. And she is very braue ! Ior. A stately gowne !

And

The New Inn.

And peticote, she has on! Bar. Ha' you spi'd that, 'Jordan?
You are a notable peerer, an old Rabbi,
At a smocks-hem, boy. Ing. As he is Chamberlane,
He may doe that, by his place. Ior. What's her Squire?
Bar. A toy, that she allowes eight-pence a day.
A slight Man-net, to port her, vp, and downe.
Come shew me to my play-fellowes, old Stagers,
And father Tree. Ior. Here, this way, Barnabe.

Act 4. Scene 2.

Tip. Bar. Huf. Fly.

Come, let's take in *fresco*, here, one quart.
Bar. Two quarts, my man of war, let's not be flinted.
Huf. Advance three *iordans*, varlet o' the house.
Tip. I do not like your Bar. Bird; He is sawcy:
Some Shop-keeper he was? Fly. Yes, Sir. Tip. I knew it.
A broke-wing'd Shop-keeper? I nose 'hem, streight.
He had no Father, I warrant him, that durst own him;
Some foundling in a stall, or the Church porch;
Brought vp it he *Hospital*; and so bound Prentise;
Then Master of a shop, then one o' th *Inquest*;
Then breakes out Bankrupt; or starts Alderman:
The originall of both is a Church-porch—
Fly. Of some, my Colonel. Tip. Good fayth, of most!
O' your shop Citizens, th'are rude Animals!
And let 'hem get but ten mile out a towne
Th'out swagger all the *wapen-take*. Fly. What's that?

Tip.

The New Inne.

Tip. A Saxon word, to signifie the hundred. *(health)*
Bar. Come let vs drinke, Sir *Glorious*, some braue
Vpon our tip-toos. *Tip.* To the health o'the *Bar.*
Bu. Why *Burfts*? *Ti.* Why *Tipto's*? *Bu.* O' I try you merrie!
Tip. It is sufficient. *Huf.* What is so sufficient? *(term)*
Tip. To drinke to you is sufficient. *Huf.* On what
Tip. That you shall giue security to pledge me.
Huf. So you will name no *Spaniard*, I will pledge you.
Tip. I rather choose to thirst: and will thirst euer,
Then leaue that creame of nations, vn-cry'd vp.
Perish all wine, and gust of wine. *Huf.* How spill it?
Spill it at me? *Tip.* I wreck not, but I spilt it. *(niards)*
Fl. Nay pray you be quiet, noble bloods. *Bar.* No *Spa-*
I crie, with my cossen *Huffle*. *Huf.* *Spaniards*? *Pitcher*!
Tip. Do not prouoke my patient blade. It sleep's,
And would not heare thee. *Huffle*, thou art rude,
And dost not know the *Spanish* composition.
Bar. What is the *Recipe*? Name the ingredients.
Tip. Valor. *Bar.* Two ounces. *Tip.* Prudence. *Bar.* Hal
(a dram)
Tip. Iustice. *Bar.* A peny weight! *Tip.* Religion,
Bar. Three scruples. *Tip.* And of *granida's*. *Bar.* A fac-
Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his lookes, *(full)*
Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect,
To him, from *Sanages*, and reputation
With all the sonnes of men. *Bar.* Will it giue him credit
With Gamesters, Courtiers, Citizens, or Tradesmen?
Tip. Hee'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard!
Or turne off his *Mustaccio*! His meere *cuello*,
Or Ruffe about his necke is a Bill of *Ex:change*

The New Inne.

In any Banke, in *Europe*! Not a Marchant
That sees his gate, but straight will furnish him
Vpon his pale! *Huf.* I haue heard the *Spanish* name
Is terrible, to children in some Countries;
And vs'd to make them eat their bread and butter:
Or take their worm-seed. *Tip.* *Huffle*, you doe shuffle:
to them: *Stuffle*, *Pinnacia*.

Bar. Slid heers a Lady! *Huf.* And a Lady gay!

Tip. A well-trimm'd Lady! *Huf.* Lett's lay her a board.

Bar. Lett's haile her first. *Tip.* By your sweet fauour,
(Lady,

Sen. Good Gentlemen be ciuill, we are strangers.

Bar. And you were *Flemings*, Sir! *Huf.* Or *Spaniards*!

Tip. The are here, haue beene at *Senil* i'their dayes,
And at *Madrid* too! *Pin.* He is a foolish fellow,
I pray you minde him not, He is my *Protection*.

Tip. In your protection, he is safe, sweet Lady.

So shall you be, in mine. *Huf.* A share, good Coronell.

Tip. Of what? *Huf.* Of your fine Lady! I am *Hodge*,
My name is *Huffle*. *Tip.* *Huffling Hodge*, be quiet.

Bar. And I pray you, be you so, *Glorious Coronell*,
Hodge Huffle shall be quiet. *Huf.* A Lady, gay, gay.

For she is a Lady, gay, gay, gay. For he's a Lady, gay.

Tip. Bird o'the *Vespers*, *Vespertilio*, *Burst*,
You are a Gentleman, o' the first head,

But that head may be broke, as all the Body is -

Burst, if you tie not vp your *Huffle*, quickly. (be still.

Huf. Tie dogs, not man. *Hur.* Nay pray thee, *Hodge*,

Tip. This Steele here rides not, on this thigh, in vaine.

Huf. Shew'ft thou thy Steele, & thigh, thou *glorious Dirt*,
Then

The New Inn.

Then *Hodge* sings *Sampson*, and no ties shall hold.

Peirce. Ing. Iorden. *[To them.]*

Pei. Keepe the peace gentlemen: what do you mean?

Tip. I will not discompose my selfe, for *Iduffle*.

Pin. You see what your entreaty, and persure will
Of gentlemen, to be ciuill, doth bring on?

A quarrell? and perhaps man-slaughter? You

Will carry your goole about you, still? your plaining iron

Your tongue to smoothe all is not here fine stuffe? *[that]*

Stu. Why wife? *Pin.* Your wife? ha not I forbidden you

Doe you thinke I'll call you husband? this gowne,

Or any thing, in that iacket, but *Protection*?

Here tie my shooe; and shew my vellute petticoate,

And my silke stocking! why doe you make me a Lady,

If I may not doe like a Lady, in fine clothes.

Stu. Sweet heart, you may doe what you will, with me.

Pin. I; I knew that at home; what to doe with you;

But why was I brought hither? to see fashions?

Stu. And weare them too, sweet heart, but this wild

[Company]

Pin. Why doe you bring me in wild Company?

You'd ha' me tame, and ciuill, in wild Company?

I hope I know, wild Company are fine Company,

And in fine Company, where I am fine my selfe,

A Lady may doe any thing. deny nothing

To a fine party, I haue heard you say.

[To them Peirce.]

Pei. There are a Company of Ladies about

Desire your Ladiships Company, and to take

The surety of their lodgings, from the affron

The new Inne.

Of these halfe-beasts, were heere een now, the *Centaures*,

Pin. Are they fine Ladies? *Pei.* Some very fine Ladies.

Pin. As fine as I? *Pei.* I dare vse no comparisons,
Being a seruant, sent—*Pin.* Spoke, like a fine fellow!
I would thou wert one; I'de not then deny thee:
But, thank thy Lady.

————— To them *Host.*

Host. Madam, I must craue you

To afford a Lady a vilit, would excuse
Some harshnetle o'the house, you haue receiue'd
From the brute ghests. *Pin.* This's a fine old man!
I'd goe with him an' he were a little finer!

Sim. You may sweet heart, it is mine *Host.* *Pin.* mine *Host!*

Host. Yes *madame*, I must bid you welcom. *Pin.* Do then.

Sim. But doe not stay. *Pin.* I'le be aduic'd by you, yes!

Act 4. Scene. 3.

————— To them *Latimer.* *Beaufort.* *Lady.* *Prin.* *Frank.*
Host. *Pinnassa.* *Staffe.*

What more then *Thracian* Barbarisme was this!

Bea. The battayle o'the *Centaures*, with the *Lapithes!*

Lad. There is no taming o'the *Monster* drinke.

Lat. But what a glorious beast our *Tipto* shew'd!

He would not discompose himselfe, the *Don!*

Your *Spaniard*, nere, doth discompose himselfe.

Bea. Yet, how he talkt, and ro'd i'the beginning?

Prin. And ran as fast, as a knock'd Marro'bone.

F

Bea.

The New Inne.

Bea. So they did all at last, when *Lovel* went downe,
And chas'd hem bout the Court. *Lat.* For all's *Don*
Or fencing after *Euclide*! *Lad.* I nere saw (*Lewis*!
A lightning shoot so, as my servant did,
His rapier was a *Meteor*, and he wau'd it
Ouer 'hem, like a *Comet*! as they fled him!
I mark'd his manhood! euery sloop he made
Was like an Eagles, at a flight of Cranes!

(As I haue read somewhere.) *Bea.* Brauely exprest;

Lat. And like a Lover! *Lad.* Of his valour, I am!
He seem'd a body, rarifi'd, to ayre!

Or that his sword, and arme were of a peece,
They went together so! Here, comes the Lady.

Bea. A bouncing *Bona-roba*! as the *Flie* sayd.

Fra. She is some Giantesse! Ile stand off,
For feare she swallow me. *La.* Is not this our Gown, *Prn*?
That I bespoke of *Stuffs*? *Prn.* It is the fashion!

Lad. I, and the Silke! Feele, sure it is the same!

Prn. And the same Peticote, lace, and all! *Lad.* Ile swear
How came it hither? make a bill of inquiry. (*it.*

Prn. Yo' haue a fine sute on, Madam! and a rich one!

Lad. And of a curious making! *Prn.* And a new!

Pin. As new, as Day. *Lat.* She answers like a fish-wife,

Pin. I put it on, since Noone, I doe assure you.

Prn. Who is your Taylor? *Lad.* 'Pray you, your
(Fashioners name)

Pin. My Fashioner is a certaine man o' mine owne,
He's i'the house: no matter for his name.

Host. O, but to satisfie this bevy of Ladies:
Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you well-come!

Pin.

The new Inne.

Pin. He's one, in truth, I title my *Protection* :
Bid him come vp. *Host.* Our new Ladies *Protection* !
What is your Ladiships stile ? *Pin.* Countesse *Pinnaccia*.

Host. Countesse *Pinnacias* man, come to your Lady.

Prn. Your Ladiships Taylor ! mas, *Stuffe* ! *Lad.* How
(*Stuffe* ?

He the *Protection* ! *Host.* *Stuffe* lookes like a remnant.

Stn. I am vndone, discoverd ! *Prn.* Tis the suit, Ma-
(dame,

Now, without scruple ! and this, some deuise
To bring it home with. *Pin.* Why, vpon your knees ?

Is this your Lady Godmother ? *Stn.* Mum, *Pinnacia*.

It is the Lady *Frampol* ; my best customer.

Lad. What shew is this, that you pretent vs with ?

Stn. I doe beseech your Ladiship, forgiue me.

She did but say the suit on. *Lad.* Who ? Which she ?

Stn. My wife forsooth. *Lad.* How ? Mistresse *Stuffe* ?

(Your wife !

Is that the riddle ? *Prn.* We all look'd for a Lady,

A Dutchesse, or a Countesse at the least.

Stn. She is my owne lawfully begotten wife,

In wedlocke. We ha' beene coupled now seven yeares.

Lad. And why thus mas'qd ? You like a footman, ha !

And she your Countesse ! *Pin.* To make a foole of him.

And of me too. *Stn.* I pray thee, *Pinnace*, peace. (selfe

Pin. Nay it shall out, since you haue cald me wife,

And openly dis-Ladied me ! though I am dis-Countess'd

I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall see. *Host.* li-

Pi. It is a foolish trick Madame, he has ; (lence !

For though he be your Taylour, he is my beast.

The New Inne.

I may be bold with him, and tell his story.
When he makes any fine garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinkes of price,
Then must I put it on, and be his *Countesse*,
Before he carry it home vnto the owners:
A coach is hir'd, and foure horse, he runnes
In his veluet lackat thus, to *Rumford*, *Croyden*,
Hounslow, or *Barnet*, the next bawdy road:
And takes me out, carries me vp, and throw's me
Vpon a bed. *Lad.* Peace thou immodest woman:
She glories in the brauery o'the vice.

Lat. Tis a queint one! *Bea.* A fine species,
Of fornicating with a mans owne wife,
Found out by (what's his name?) *Lat.* *M^r Nic. Staffe!*

Hof. The very figure of preoccupation
In all his customers best clothes. *Lat.* He lies
With his owne *Succuba*, in all your names.

Bea. And all your credits. *Hof.* I, and at all their colls.

Lat. This gown was then bespoken, for the *Soueraign*

Bea. I marry was it. *Lad.* And a maine offence,
Committed 'gainst the *soueraignty*: being not brought
Home i'the time. Beside, the prophanation,
Which may call on the censure of the Court. (Her.

Hof. Let him be blanketed. Call vp the *Quarter-ma*
Deliuier him ore, to *Flie.* *Str.* O good my Lord.

Hof. Pillage the Pinnace. *Lad.* Let his wife be strip:

Bea. Blow off her vpper deck. *Lat.* Teare all her tackle.

Lad. Pluck the polluted robes ouer her eares;
Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire o'them:

Pro. To rags, and cinders, burn th' idolatrous vestures.

Hof.

The New Jnne.

Hof. Flie, & your fellowes, see that the whole censure
Be thoroughly executed. *Fly.* Weel tosse him, brauely.
Till the stufte stinke againe. *Hof.* And send her home,
Diested to her flanel, in a cart.

Lat. And let her Footman beat the bason afore her.

Fl. The Court shall be obei'd. *Hof.* Fly, & his officers
Will doe it fiercely. *Stu.* Mercifull queene *Prn.*

Prn. I cannot help you. *Bea.* Go thy wayes *Nic.* Stufte,
Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of Venery!

Lat. For his owne hell! though he run ten mile for't.

Prn. O here comes *Level*, for his second houre.

Bea. And after him, the tipe of *Spanish* valour.

Act 4. Scene 4.

Lady. *Level.* *Tipto.* *Latimer.* *Beaufort.* *Prn.*
Franke. *Nurse.* *Hof.*

Servant, what haue you there? *Lon.* A meditation,
Or rather a vision, Madam, and of Beauty
Our former subiect. *Lad.* Pray you let vs heare it.

Lon. It was a beauty that I saw
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the vniverse was lame,
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or gine least line of it a law!

A skeine of silke without a knot
A faire m arch made without a halt!
A curious forme without a fault!

The New Inne.

A printed booke without a blot.

All beauty, and without a spot.

Lad. They are gentle words, and would deserue a note,
Set to 'hem, as gentle. *Lov.* I haue tri'd my skill.
To close the second houre, if you will heare them,
My boy by that time will haue got it perfect.

Lad. Yes, gentle seruant. In what calme he speaks,
After this noise, and tumult, so vnrou'd,
With that serenity of countenance,
As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that
Which is the object of the second houre,
And nothing else. *Prn.* Well then summon the Court.

Lad. I haue a sute to the Soueraigne of loue,
If it may stand with the honour of the Court,
To change the question but from loue, to valour,
To heare, it said, but, what true valour is,
Which oft begets true loue: *Lad.* It is a question
Fit for the Court, to take true knowledge of,
And hath my iust assent. *Prn.* Content. *Bea.* Content.

Fra. Content. I am content, giue him his oath.

Host. Herebert Lovel, Thou shalt sweare vpon the testa-
ment of loue, To make answer to this question pro-
pounded to thee by the Court, What true valour is
And therein to tell the truth, the whole truth, and no-
thing but the truth. So help thee loue, and thy bright
sword at need.

Lov. So help me loue and my good sword at need.
It is the greatest vertue, and the safety
Of all mankind, the object of it is danger.
A certaine meane 'twixt feare, and confidence:

The New Inne.

No inconsiderate rashnesse, or vaine appetite
Of false encountring formidable things;
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or euill. It springs out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is alwayes honour, and the publique good:
It is no valour for a priuate cause.

Bea. No? not for reputation? *Lov* That's mans Idoll,
Set vp 'gainst God, the maker of all lawes,
Who hath commanded vs we should not kill;
And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What honest man can either feare his owne,
Or else will hurt anothers reputation?
Feare to doe base, vnworthy things, is valour,
If they be done to vs, to suffer them,
Is valour too. The office of a man
Thats truly valiant, is considerable
Three wayes: The first is in respect of *matter*,
Which still is danger; in respect of *forme*,
Wherein he must preserve his dignity;
And in the *end*, which must be ever lawfull,

Lat. But men, when they are heated, and in passion,
Cannot consider. *Lov.* Then it is not valour.
I neuer thought an angry person valiant:
Vertue is neuer ayded by a vice.
What need is there of anger, and of tumult?
When reason can doe the same things, or more?

Bea. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of vse,
It makes vs fierce, and fit to vndertake.

Lov. Why so will drink make vs both bold, and rash.

The New Inne.

Or phrensie if you will, doe these make valiant?
They are poore helps, and vertue needs them not.
No man is valianter by being angry,
But he that could not valiant be without:

So, that it comes not in the aid of vertue,
But in the stead of it. *Lat.* He holds the right,

Lov. And 'tis an odious kinde of remedy,
To owe our health to a disease. *Tip.* If man
Should follow the *dictamen* of his passion,
He could not scape — *Bea.* To discompose himselfe.

Lat. According to *Don Lewis!* *Host.* Or *Caranza!*

Lov. Good Colonel *Glorious*, whilst we treat of valour,
Dismiss your selfe. *Lat.* You are not concern'd. *Lov.* Go
And congregate the Hostlers, and the Tapsters, (drink,
The vnder-officers o' your regiment;
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant!

Tip goes out.

Bea. How do's that differ from true valour? *Lov.* Thus
In the *efficient*, or that which makes it,
For it proceeds from passion, not from iudgement:
Then brute beasts haue it, wicked persons, there
It differs in the *subiect*: in the *forme*,

'Tis carried rashly, and with violence:

Then i' the *end*, where it respects not truth,
Or publike honesty; but mere reuenge.

Now confident, and vndertaking valour,
Swayes from the true, two other wayes; as being

A trust in our owne faculties, skill, or strength,
And not the right, or conscience o' the *cause*,

That

The New Inne.

That workes it: Then i'the *end*, which is the victory,
And not the honour. *Bea.* But the ignorant valour
That knowes not why it undertakes, but doth it
T'escape the infamy merely—*Lov.* Is worst of all:
That valour lies, i'the eyes o'the lookers on;
And is cal'd valour with a witnesse. *Bea.* Right:

Lov. The things true valour is exercis'd about,
Are pouerty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, losse of children, long disease:
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seene; about these it is present:
Not triuiall things, which but require our confidence.
And, yet to those, we must object our selues,
Only for honesty: if any other
Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.
And as all knowledge, when it is remou'd
Or separate from iustice, is cal'd craft,
Rather then wisdom: so a minde affecting,
Or vndertaking dangers, for ambition,
Or any selfe pretext, not for the publique,
Deserues the name of daring, not of valour.
And ouer-daring is as great a vice,
As ouer-fearing. *Lar.* Yes, and often greater.

Lov. But as is not the mere punishment,
But cause that, makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting, or dying; but the manner of it
Renders a man himselfe. A valiant man
Ought not to vndergoe, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected wayes:
He vndertakes with reason, not by chance.

His

The New Inne.

His valour is the salt to his other vertues,
They are all vnseason'd without it. The waiting maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet;
He can assure himselfe against all rumour!
Despaires of nothing laughs at contumelies!
As knowing himselfe, aduanced in a height
Where iniury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soyle! *Lad.* Most manly vtterd all!
As if *Achilles* had the chaire in valour,
And *Hercules* were but a Lecturer!
Who would not hang vpon those lips for euer!
That strike such musique? I could run on them,
But modesty is such a schoole mistresse,
To keepe our sexe in awe. *Prn.* Or you can faine! my
Subtill and dissembling Lady mistresse.

Lad. I feare she meanes it, *Prn.* in too good earnest!

Lov. The purpose of an iniury 'tis to vex
And trouble me: now, nothing can doe that,
To him that's valiant. He that is affected
With the least iniury, is lesse then it.
It is but reasonable, to conclude
That should be stronger, still, which hurts, then that
Which is hurt. Now no wickednesse is stronger,
Then what opposeth it: Not Fortunes selfe,
When she encounters vertue, but comes off
Both lame, and lesse! why should a wise man then,
Confesse himselfe the weaker, by the feeling
Of a fooles wrong? There may an iniury

The New! Inne.

Be meant me, I may choose, if I will take it,
But we are, now, come to that delicacie,
And tendernesse of sense, we thinke an insolence
Worse then an iniury, beare words worse then deeds,
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
As with the opinion of the wrong! like children,
We are made afraid with visors! Such poore sounds
As is the lie, or common words of spight.
Wise lawes thought neuer worthy a reuenge,
And 'tis the narrowesse of humane nature,
Our pouerty, and beggery of spirit,
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me!
He broke a iest! a third tooke place of me!
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these?
Notes of a queasie, and sick stomack, labouring
With want of a true iniury! the maine part
Of the wrong, is, our vice of taking it.

Lat. Or our interpreting it to be such.

Lov. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child
Giue me the lie, would I be angry? no,
Not if I were i' my wits, sure I should thinke it
No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,
If I will thinke it, who are to be held
In as contemptible a ranke, or worse.
I am kept out a Masque, sometime thrust out,
Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,
Which (when it comes forth) is all frown, and forehead!
What laughter should this breed, rather then anger!
Out of the tumult, of so many errors,
To feele, with contemplation, mine owne quiet?

It

The New Inne.

If a great person doe me an affront,
A Giant of the time, sure, I will beare it
Or out of patience, or necessity!
Shall I doe more for feare, then for my iudgement?
For me now to be angry with *Hodge Huffle*,
Or *Burft* (his broken charge) if he be sawcy,
Or our owne type of *Spanish* valour, *Tipto*,
(Who were he now necessited to beg
Would aske an almes, like *Conde Olinares*)
• Were iust to make my selfe, such a vaine *Animal*
As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,
No more shall great; if not a few, not many.
There's nought so sacred with vs but may finde
A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is
No lesse diuine, cause, the prophane can reach it.
He is shot-free, in battayle, is not hurt,
Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant,
That yeelds not vnto wrongs; not he that scapes 'hem!
They that do pull downe Churches, and deface
The holiest Alrars, cannot hurt the God-head.
A calme wise man may shew as much true valour,
Amidst these popular prouocations,
As can an able Captaine shew security,
By his braue conduct, through an enemies country.
A wise man neuer goes the peoples way,
But as the Planets still moue contrary
To the worlds motion; so doth he, to opinion:
He will examine, if those accidents
(Which common fame calls iniuries) happen to him
Deseruedly, or no? come they deseruedly,

They

The New Inne.

They are no wrongs then, but his punishments:
If vnderfuedly, and he not guilty,
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

Lat. Excellent! *Bea.* Truth, and right! *Fra.* An Oracle
Could not haue spoken more! *Lad.* Beene more beleu'd!

Prn. The whole Court runnes into your sentence, Sir!
And see, your second houre is almost ended.

Lad. It cannot be! O clip the wings of time,
Good *Prn.*, or make him stand still with a charme.
Distill the gout into it, cramps, all diseases
Tarrest him in the foot, and fix him here;
O, for an engine, to keepe backe all clocks!
Or make the Sunne forget his motion!

If I but knew what drinke the Time now lou'd,
To set my Trundle at him, mine owne Barnabel!

Prn. Why? Ple consult our *Shelee nien*, *To-mas*.

Nur. *Er grae Chrest.* *Bea.* Wake her not. *Nur.* *Tower een*
(*Cuppan*)

D'vsque bagh doone. *Prn.* *Usque bagh's* her drinke.
But 'twi' not make the time drunke. *Hest.* As't hath her,
Away with her, my Lord, but marry her first. *Prn.*

Prn. I, that 'll be sport anone too, for my Lady.
But she hath other game to fly at yet: (first
The houre is come, your kisse. *Lad.* My seruants song,

Prn. I say the kisse, first, and I so enioyn'd it:
At your owne perill, doe, make the contempt.

Lad. Well Sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

Prn. Nay nothing, Sir, beyond. *Lov.* One more—I except.
This was but halfe a kisse, and I would change it.

Prn. The Court's dissolu'd, remou'd, and the play ended.

No

The New Inne.

No sound, or aire of *Loue* more, I decree it.

Lov. From what a happinesse hath that one word
Throwne me, into the gulfe of misery?
To what a bottomlesse despaire? how like
A Court remoouing, or an ended Play
Shewes, my abrupt precipitate estate,
By how much more my vaine hopes were encreas'd
By these false houres of conuersation?
Did not I prophesie this, of my selfe,
And gaue the true prognosticks to my braine?
How art thou turned! and my blood congeald!
My sinewes slackned! and my marrow melted!
That I remember not where I haue bin,
Or what I am? Only my tongue's on fire;
And burning downward, hurles forth coales, & cinders,
To tell, this temple of loue, will soone be ashes!
Come Indignation, now, and be my mistresse,
No more of *Loues* ingratefull tyranny.
His wheele of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,
His nets of nooses, whirle-pooles of vexation,
His mills, to grind his seruants into powder—
I will goe catch the wind first in a sieue,
Weigh smoak, and measure shadowes, plough the water,
And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in *Loue*.

Lav. My icalousie is off, I am now secure.

Lov. Farewell the craft of crocodiles, womens piety,
And practise of it, in this art of flattering,
And fooling men. I ha' not lost my reason,
Though I haue lent my selfe out, for two howres,
Thus to be baffuld by a Chambermaid,

And

The New Inn.

And the good Actor, her Lady, afore mine Host,
Of the light Heart, here, that hath laught at all —
Host. Who I? *Lov.* Laugh on, Sir, Ile to bed, and sleepe,
And dreame away the vapour of *Lone*, if th'house
And your leere drunkards let me. *Lad. Pru.* *Pru.* Sweet

(Madame,

Lad. Why would you let him goe thus? *Pru.* In whose
Was it to stay him, prop'rer then my Ladies! (power

Lad. Why, in her Ladies? Are not you the Soueraigne?

Pru. Would you, in conscience, Madame, ha' me vex
His patience more? *Lad.* Not but apply the cure,
Now it is yex't. *Pru.* That's but one bodies worke.

Two cannot doe the same thing handsomely.

Lad. But had not you the authority, absolute?

Pru. And were not you i't rebellion, Lady *Frampal*,
From the beginning? *Lad.* I was somewhat froward,
I must confesse, but frowardnesse sometime
Becomes a beaurty, being but a visor
Put on. You'l let a Lady weare her masque, *Pru.*

Pru. But how do I know, when her Ladiship is pleas'd
To leaue it off, except she tell me so?

Lad. You might ha' knowne that by my lookes, and
Had you beene or regardant, or obseruant. (language,
One woman, reads anothers character,
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering:
If she but give her mind to't, you knew well,
It could not sort with any reputation
Of mine, to come in first, hauing stood out
So long, without conditions, for mine honor.

Pru. I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd him,

And

The New Inne.

1 And put him off with scorne! *Lad.* Who, I, with scorne?
I did expresse my loue, to idolatry rather,
And so am iustly plagu'd, not vnderstood.

Prn. I sweare, I thought you had dissembled, Madam,
And doubt, you do so yet. *Lad.* Dull, stupid, wench!
Stay i'thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd,
An idiot Chambermayd! Hath all my care,
My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,
Honours, and titles wrought no brighter effects
On thy darke soule, then thus? Well! go thy wayes,
Were not the Tailors wife, to be demolish'd,
Ruin'd, vncas'd, thou shouldst be she, I vow.

Prn. Why, take your spangled properties, your gown,
And scarfes. *Lad.* *Prn.* *Prn.*, what doest thou mean?

Prn. I will not buy this play-boyes braverie,
At such a price, to be vpbraided for it,
Thus, euery minute. *Lad.* Take it not to heart so.

Prn. The Taylors wife? There was a word of scorne.

Lad. It was a word fell from me, *Prn.*, by chance.

Prn. Good Madame, please to vndeceane your selfe,
I know when words do slip, and when they are dashed
With all their bitterness: vncas'd? demolish'd?
An idiot—Chambermaid, stupid, and dull?
Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so.

And thinke I doe deserue it, that, and more, (ing)

Much more I do. *Lad.* Here comes mine Host! No cry.

Good *Prn.* Where is my seruant *Lovel*, Host? (low him)

Hos. Yo ha sent him vp to bed, would, you would fol-
And make my house amends! *Lad.* Would you aduise is

Hos. I would I could command it. My light heart
Should

The New Inne.

Should leape till midnight. *Lad.* Pray thee be not soillen,
I yet must ha' thy counsell. Thou shalt weare, *Prin.*

The new gowne, yet. *Prin.* After the Taylours wife?

Lad. Come, be not angrie, or grieu'd: I haue a proiect.

Hof. Wake *Sheleemien Thomas!* Is this your Heraldrie?
And keeping of records, to loose the maine?

Where is your charge? *Nur.* Gra shrecst! *Hof.* Goe aske,

O the bottle, at your girdle, there you lost it: (th oracle

You are a sober setter of the watch.

Act. 5. Scene I.

Hof. Fly.

Come *Fly*, and legacie, the Bird o the heart:

Prime insect of the Inne, Professor, Quarter-masser,

As euer thou deserved'st thy daily drinke,

Padling in sacke, and licking i the same,

Now shew thy selfe an implement of price,

And helpe to raise a nap to vs, out of nothing.

Thou saw'st hem married? *Fly.* I doe thinke, I did,

And heard the words, *Philip*, I take thee, *Leticia*,

I gaue her too, was then the father *Fly*,

And heard the Priest do his part, far as hie nobles

Would lead him i the lines of matrimonie.

Hof. Where were they married? *Fly.* I th new stable,

(*Hof.* Ominous!

I ha' knowne many a church beene made a stable,

But not a stable made a church till now:

The New Inne.

I wish 'hem ioy. *Fly*, was he a full priest?

Fly. He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
And his branch'd callock, a side sweeping gowne,
All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine!
I went not farre to fetch him, the next Inne,
Where he was lodg'd, for the action. *Hof*. Had they a

(licence?)

Fly. Licence of loue, I saw no other, and purse,
To pay the duties both of Church, and house,
The angels flew about. *Hof*. Those birds send luck:
And mirth will follow. I had thought to ha' sacrific'd,
To merriment to night, i' my light Heart, *Fly*,
And like a noble Poet, to haue had
My last act best: but all failes i' the plot.

Level is gone to bed; the Lady *Frampull*
And Soueraigne *Pru* falne out: *Tipto*, and his Regiment
Of mine-men, al drunk dumbe, from his whop *Barnaby*,
To his hoope *Trundle*: they are his two Tropicks.
No proiect to reare laughter on, but this,
The marriage of Lord *Beaufort*, with *Letitia*.

Stay! what's here! The sattin gowne redeem'd!
And *Pru* restor'd in't, to her Ladyes grace!

Fly. She is let forth in't! rig'd for some imployment!

Hof. An Embassy at least! *Fly*. Some treaty of state!

Hof. 'Tis a fine tack about! and worth the obseruing.

The New Inne.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Lady. Prudence. Hest. Fly.

Sweet *Pru*, I, now thou art a *Queene* indeed!
These robes doe royally! and thou becom'st 'hem!
So they doe thee! rich garments only fit
The partyes they are made for! they shame others.
How did they shew on good'y *Taylor*s back!

Like a *Caparison* for a *Sow*, God saue vs!
Thy putting 'hem on hath purg'd, and hallow'd 'hem
From all pollution, meant by the *Mechanicks*.

Pru. Hang him poore snip, a secular shop-wit! (sures,
H' hath nought but his sheeres to claime by, & his mea-
His prentise may as well put in, for his needle,
And plead a stitch. *Lad*. They haue no taint in 'hem,
Now o'the *Taylor*. *Pru*. Yes, of his wiues hanches,
Thus thick of fat; I smell 'hem, o'the say.

Lad. It is restorative, *Pru*! with thy but chafing it,
A barren *Hindes* greasc may worke miracles.
Finde but his chamber doore, and he will rise
To thee! or if thou pleatest, faine to be
The wretched party her selie, and com'st vnto him
In forma pauperis, to craue the aide
Of his *Knight errant* valour, to the rescue
Of thy distressed robes! name but thy gowne,
And he will rise to that! *Pru*. Ile fire the charme first,

The New Inn.

I had rather dye in a ditch, with Mistresse Shore,
Without a smock, as the pitifull matter has it,
Then owe my wit to cloathes, or ha' it beholden.

Hof. Still spirit of *Pru*! Fly. And smelling o'the *Sone*.

Pru. No, I will tell him, as it is, indeed; (*raigne!*)
I come from the fine, froward, frampull Lady,
One was runne mad with pride, wild with selfe-loue,
But late encountring a wise man, who scorn'd her,
And knew the way to his owne bed, without
Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recover'd
Part of her wits: so much as to consider
How farre she hath trespass'd, vpon whom, and how,
And now sits penitent and solitary,
Like the forsaken Turtle, in the volary
Of the light Heart, the cage, she hath abus'd,
Mourning her folly, weeping at the height
She measures with her eye, from whence she is false,
Since she did branch it, on the top o'the wood.

Lad. I pry thee *Pru*, abuse me enough, that's vse me
As thou thinkest fit, any course way, to humble me,
Or bring me home againe, or *Lovel* on:
Thou dost not know my sufferings, what I feele,
My fires, and feares, are met: I burne, and freeze,
My liuer's one great coale, my heart shrunke vp
With all the sinners, and the masse of blood
Within me, is a standing lake of fire,
Cur'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,
That driue a drift of sleete through all my body,
And shoot a *February* through my veines.
Vntill I see him, I am drunke with thirst,

And

The New Inn.

And surfeted with hunger of his presence.
I know not wher I am, or no, or speake,
Or whether thou dost heare me. *Prw.* Spare expressions.
He once more venture for your Ladiship,
So you will vse your fortunes reuerendly.
Lad. Religiously, deare *Prw.*, *Loue* and his *Mother*,
He build them severall Churches, Shrines, and Altars,
And ouer head, He haue, in the glasse windowes,
The story of this day be painted, round,
For the poore Layety of loue to read,
He make my selfe their booke, nay their example,
To bid them take occasion by the forelock,
And play no after-games of *Loue*, hereafter.
Host. And here your *Host*, and's *Fly*, witnes your vowe.
And like two lucky birds, bring the presage
Of a loud iest: Lord *Beaufort* married is. *Lad.* Ha!
Fly. All to be married. *Prw.* To whom, not your sonne?
Host. The same *Prw.* If her Ladiship could take truce
A little with her passion, and giue way
To their mirth now running. *Lad.* Runn's it mirth, let't
It shall be well receiu'd, and much made of it. (come,
Prw. We must of this, It was our owne conception.

Act 5. Scene 3.

Latimer. To them.

Roome for green rushes, raise the Fiddlers, Chamberlain,
Call vp the house in armes. *Host.* This will rouse *Lovel.*

G 3

Fly.

The New Inne.

Fly. And bring him on too. *Lat.* *Shelee-neen,*
Runns like a Heyfar, bitten with the Brieze,
About the court, crying on *Fly*, and cursing.

Fly. For what, my Lord? *Lat.* Yo'were best heare that
It is no office, *Fly*, fits my relation. (from her,

Here come the happy couple ! Ioy, Lord *Beaufort.*

Fly. And my yong Lady too. *Hof.* Much ioy, my Lord!

A & 5. Scene 4.

Beaufort. Franke. Sernant. {To them.

I thanke you all, I thanke thee, Father *Fly.*
Madam, my Cossen, you looke discompos'd,
I haue beene bold with a sallad, after supper,
O' your owne lettice, here: *Lad.* You haue, my Lord.
But lawes of hospitality, and faire rites, (house,
Would haue made me acquainted. *Bea.* I' your owne
I doe acknowledge: Else, I much had trespass'd.
But in an Inne, and publique, where there is licence
Of all community: a pardon o' course
May be su'de out. *Lat.* It will, my Lord, and carry it.
I doe not see, how any storme, or tempest
Can helpe it, now. *Prn.* The thing being done, and past,
You beare it wisely, and like a Lady of iudgement.

Bea. She is that, secretary *Prn.* *Prn.* Why secretary?
My wife Lord? is your braine lately married?

Bea. Your raigne is ended, *Prn.* no soueraigne now:
Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

Prn.

The New Jnne.

Pru. I am annul'd, how can I treat with *Lovel*,
Without a new commission? *Lad.* Thy gown's commis-
Host. Haue patience, *Pru.* expect, bid the Lord ioy. (sion.
Pru. And this braue Lady too. I wish them ioy.

Pei. Ioy. *Ior.* Ioy. *Iug.* All ioy. *Host.* I, the house full of ioy.
Fly. Play the bells, Fiddlers, crack your strings with ioy.

Pru. But Lady *Letice*, you shew'd a neglect
Vn-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my Lady, your kinswoman,
Not to advise with her. *Bea.* Good politique *Pru*,
Vrge not your state-adiuce, your after-wit;
'Tis neare vpbraiding. Get our bed ready, Chamberlain,
And *Host*, a Bride-cup, you haue rare conceipts,
And good ingredients, euer an old *Host*
Vpo' the road, has his prouocatiue drinks.

Lad. He is either a good Baud, or a Physician.

Bea. 'Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.
A bed, the *Geniall* bed, a brace of boyes
To night I play for. *Pru.* Giue vs points, my Lord.

Bea. Here take 'hem, *Pru*, my cod-piece point, and all,
I ha' claspes, my *Letice* aimes. here take 'hem boyes.
What is the chamber ready? (speake, why stare you!
On one another? *Ior.* No Sir. *Bea.* And why not?

Ior. My master has forbid it. He yet doubts
That you are married. *Bea.* Aske his vicar generall,
His *Fly*, here. *Fly.* I must make that good, they are mar-
Host. But I must make it bad, my hot yong Lord. (ried.
Gi' him his doublet againe, the aier is peircing; (ed,
You may take cold, my Lord. See whom you ha' marri-
Your hosts sonne, and a boy. *Fly.* You are abus'd.

Lad. Much ioy, my Lord. *Pru.* If this be your *Letitia*,

The New Inne.

Shée'l proue a counterfeit mirth, and a clip'd Lady.

Ser. A boy, a boy; my Lord has married a boy.

Lat. Raile all the house in shout, and laughter, a boy!

Host. Stay, what is here! peace rascals, stop your throats.

Act 5. Scene 5.

——— Nurse. *[To them.]*

That magot, worme, that insect! O my child,
My daughter! where's that Fly? He fly in his face,
The vermin, let me come to him. Fly. Why Nurse Shelt!

Nur. Hang thee thou Parasite, thou sonne of crums,
And ortes, thou hast vndone me, and my child,
My daughter, my deare daughter. Ho. What meanes this?

Nur. O Sir, my daughter, my deare child is ruin'd,
By this your Fly, here, married in a stable,
And sold vnto a husband. Host. Stint thy cry,
Harlot, if that be all, did'st thou not sell him
To me for a boy? and brought'st him in boyes rags,
Here to my doore, to beg an almes of me?

Nur. I did good M^r, and I craue your pardon.
But 'tis my daughter, and a g^rle. Host. Why sayd'st thou
It was a boy, and sold'st him then, to me
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, Carlin?

Nur. Because you were a charitable man
I heard, good M^r, and would breed him well,
I would ha' giu'n him you, for nothing, gladly.

Forgiue

The New Inne.

Forgive the lie o' my mouth, it was to saue
The fruit o' my wombe. A parents needs are vrgent.
And few doe know that tyrant o're good natures.
But you relieu'd her, and me too, the Mother,
And tooke me into your house to be the nurse,
For which heauen heape all blessings on your head,
Whilst there can one be added. *Hos.* Sure thou speakst
Quite like another creature, then th' hast liu'd,
Here, in the house, a *Shelee-neen Thomas*,
An *Irish* beggar. *Nur.* So I am, God helpe me.

Hos. What art thou? tell, The match is a good match,
For ought I see: ring the bells once a gaine.

Bea. Stint, I say, Fidlers. *Lad.* No going off my Lord.
Bea. Nor comming on sweet Lady, things thus standing!

Fly. But what's the haynousnesse of my offence?
Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it?
In hauing your daughter match't thus happily,
Into a noble house, a braue yong blood,
And a prime peere o' the Realme? *Bea.* Was that your
(plot, *Fly*?)

Gi' me a cloak, take her againe among you.
Ile none of your light-Heart fosterlings, no Inmates,
Suppositions fruits of an Host's braine,
And his *Flys* hatching, to be put vpon me.
There is a royall Court o' the *Star-chamber*.
Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,
And cleare the truth. Let beggers match with beggers.
That shall decide it, I will try it there.

Nur. Nay then my Lord, Its not enough, I see
You are licentious, but you will be wicked.

You

The New Inne.

Yo' are not alone content to take my daughter,
Against the law ; but hauing taken her,
You would repudiate, and cast her off,
Now, at your pleasure, like a beast of power,
Without all cause, or colour of a cause,
That, or a noble, or an honest man,
Should dare t'except against, her pouerty.

Is pouerty a vice ? *Bea.* Th'age counts it so.

Nur. God helpe your Lordship, and your peeres that
If any be: if not, God blesse them all, (think so,

And helpe the number o'the vertuous,

If pouerty be a crime. You may obiekt

Our beggery to vs, as an accident,

But neuer deeper, no inherent basenesse:

And I must tell you, now, yong Lord of durt,

As an incensed mother, she hath more,

And better blood, running i'those small veines,

Then all the race of *Beauforts* haue in masse,

Though they distill their drops from the left rib

Of *John o' Gaunt. Host.* Old mother o' records,

Thou know'st her pedigree, then: whose daughter is she?

Nur. The daughter and coheire to the Lord *Frampull*,

This Ladies sister ! *Lad.* Mine? what is her name ?

Nur. *Letitia.* *Lad.* That was lost? *Nur.* The true *Letitia.*

Lad. Sister, O gladnesse ! Then you are our mother?

Nur. I am, deare daughter. *Lad.* On my knees, I blesse
The light I see you by, *Nur.* And to the author

Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,

Which hath almost, now, seuen yeare beene shut,

Darke, as my vow was, neuer to see light,

Till

The New Inne.

Till such a light restor'd it, as my children,
Or your deare father, who (I heare) is not. (her.
Bea. Giue me my wife, I owne her now, and will haue
Host. But you must aske my leaue first, my yong Lord,
Leaue is but light. *Ferret,* Goe bolt your Master,
Here's geare will startle him. I cannot keepe
The passion in me, I am eene turn'd child,
And I must weepe. *Fly,* take away mine host,
My beard, and cap here, from me, and fetch my Lord.
I am her father, Sir, and you shall now
Aske my consent, before you haue her. Wife!
My deare and louing wife! my honor'd wife!
Who here hath gain'd but I? I am Lord *Frampull,*
The cause of all this trouble? I am he
Haue measur'd all the Shires of *England* ouer:
Wales, and her mountaines, scene those wilder nations,
Of people in the *Peake,* and *Lancashire;*
Their Pipers, Fiddlers, Rushers, Puppet-masters,
Iuglers, and Gipseys, all the sorts of Canters,
And Colonies of beggars, Tumblers, Ape-carriers,
For to these sauages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odde discoueries!
And here my wife, like a she *Mandevile,*
Ventred in disquisition, after me.

Nar. I may looke vp, admire, I cannot speake
Yet, to my Lord. *Host.* Take heart, and breath, recouer,
Thou hast recouer'd me, who here had coffin'd
My selfe aliue, in a poore hostelry,
In pennance of my wrongs done vnto thee
Whom I long since gaue lost. *Nar.* So did I you,

Till

The New Inne.

Till stealing mine owne daughter from her sister;
I lighted on this errour hath cur'd all.

Bea. And in that cure, include my trespasse, Mother,
And Father, for my wife—*Host.* No, the Star-chamber.

Bea. Away with that, you sowre the sweetest letice
Was euer tasted. *Host.* Gi' you ioy, my Sonne,
Cast her not off againe. O call me Father,
Lovel, and this your Mother, if you like:
But take your Mistris, first, my child; I haue power
To giue her now, with her consent, her sister
Is giuen already to your brother *Beaufort*.

Lov. Is this a dreame now, after my first sleepe?
Or are these phant'sies made i'the light Heart?
And sold i'the new Inne? *Host.* Best goe to bed,
And dreame it ouer all. Let's all goe sleepe,
Each with his Turtle. *Fly*, provide vs lodgings,
Get beds prepar'd: yo' are master now o'the Inne,
The Lord o'the light Heart, I giue it you.
Fly, was my fellow *Gipsy*. All my family,
Indeed, were *Gipsies*, Tapsters, Oflers, Chamberlaines,
Reduced vessels of ciuility.

But here stands *Pru*, neglected, best deserving
Of all that are i'the house, or i'my Heart,
Whom though I cannot helpe to a fit husband,
Ile helpe to that will bring one, a iust portion:
I haue two thousand pound in banke, for *Pru*,
Call for it when she will. *Bea.* And I as much.

Host. There's somewhat yet, foure thousand pound!
(that's better)
Then sounds the prouerbs, *foure bare legs in a bed.*

Lov.

The New Iune.

Lov. Me, and her mistresse, she hath power to coyne
Vp, into what she will. *Lad.* Indefinite *Prn.*

Lat. But I must doe the crowning act of bounty!

Hof. What's that, my Lord? *Lat.* Giue her my selfe,
By all the holy vowes of *loue* I doe, (which here
Spare all your promis'd portions, she is a dowry
So all-sufficient in her vertue and manners,
That fortune cannot adde to her. *Prn.* My Lord,
Your praises, are instructions to mine cares,
Whence, you haue made your wife, to liue yo^r seruant.

Hof. Lights, get vs seuerall lights. *Lov.* Stay let my Mrs
But heare my vision sung, my dreame of beauty,
Which I haue brought, prepar'd, to bid vs ioy,
And light vs all to bed, 'twill be instead
Of ayring of the sheets with a sweet odour.

Hof. 'Twill be an incense to our sacrifice
Of *loue* to night, where I will woo afresh,
And like *Mecenas*, hauing but one wife,
Ile marry her, euery houre of life, hereafter.

They goe out, with a Song.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

PLayes in themselves haue neither hopes, nor feares,
Their fate is only in their hearers eares:
If you expect more then you had to night,
The maker is sick, and sad. But doe him right,
He meant to please you: for he sent things fit,
In all the numbers, both of sense, and wit,
If they ha' not miscarried! if they haue,
All that his faint, and faltring tongue doth crawe,
Is, that you not impute it to his braine.
That's yet unhurt, although set round with paine,
It cannot long hold out. All strength must yeeld.
Yet iudgement would the last be, i' the field,
With a true Poet. He could haue had in
The drunkards, and the noyses of the Inne,
In his last Act; if he had thought it fit
To vent you vapours, in the place of wit:
But better 'twas, that they should sleepe, or spew,
Then in the Scene to offend or him, or you.
This he did thinke, and this doe you forgine:
When ere the carcasfe dies, this Art will liue.
And had he liu'd the care of King, and Queene,
His Art in something more yet had beene scene;
But Maiors, and Shriffes may yearly fill the stage:
A Kings, or Poets birth doe aske an age.

Another Epilogue there was, made for
the Play in the Poets defence, but the
Play li'd not, in opinion, to
haue it spoken.

A Iouiall Host, and Lord of the new Inne,
Clept the light Heart, with all that past therein,
Hath beene the subiect of our Play to night,
To giue the King, and Queene, and Court delight:
But, then we meane, the Court about the stayer,
And past the guard; men that haue more of cares,
Then eyes to iudge vs: Such as will not hisse
Because the Chambermaid was named Cis:
We thinke, it would haue seru'd our Scene as true,
If, as it is, at first we had call'd her Pru,
For any mystery we there haue found,
Or magick in the letters, or the sound:
She only meant was, for a girle of wit,
To whom her Lady did a Pronince fit:
Which she would haue discharg'd, and, done as well,
Had she beene christned Ioyce, Grace, Doll, or Nell.

H

*The iust indignation the Author
tooke at the vulgar censure of his
Play, by some malicious spectators,
begat this following Ode to
himselfe.*

Come leaue the lothed stage,
And the more lothsome age:
Where pride, and impudence (in faction knit)
Vsurpe the chaire of wit!
Indicting, and arraighning euery day
Something they call a Play.
Let their fastidious, vaine
Commission of the braine
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condem'n:
They were not made for thee, lesse, thou for them.

Say, that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acornes eat:
'Twere simple fury, still, thy selfe to waste
On such as haue no taste!
To offer them a surfet of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, giue them graines their fill,
Huskes, draffe to drinke, and swill.
If they loue lees, and leaue the lusty wine,
Enuy them not their palate's, with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like *Pericles*; and stale
As the Shrieues crusts, and nasty as his fish-
scraps, out euery dish,
Throwne forth, and rak' into the common tub,
May keepe vp the *Pley-club*:
There, sweepings doe as well
As the best order'd meale.
For, who the relish of these ghefts will see,
Needs set them, but, the almes-basket of wit.
And much good do't you then:
Braue plush, and velvet-men;
Can feed on orts: And safe in your stage-clothes,
Dare quit, vpon your oathes,
The stagers, and the stage-wrights too (your peeres)
Of larding your large eares
With their foule *semick* socks:
Wrought vpon twenty blocks:
Which, if they are torne, and turn'd, & patch't enough,
The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stufte.
H 2 Leave

The end.

Leaue things so prostitute,
And take the *Alcaick* Lute;
Or thine owne *Horace*, or *Anacreon* Lyre;
Warne thee, by *Pindare*'s fire:
And though thy nerues be shrunk, and blood be cold,
Ere yeares haue made thee old;
Strike that disdain-full heate
Throughout, to their defeate:
As curious fooles, and enuious of thy straine,
May, blushing, sweare no palsey's in thy braine.

But, when they heare thee sing
The glories of thy *King*,
His zeale to *God*, and his iust awe o're men;
They may, blood shaken, then,
Feele such a fleshe-quake to possesse their powers:
As they shall cry, like ours
In sound of peace, or warres,
No Harpe ere hit the starres;
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet raigne:
And rayling *Charles* his chariot, 'boue his *Waine*.

The end.

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